FIGHT CLUB

by

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based on a novel by

Chuck Palahniuk

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SCREEN BLACK

JACK (V.O.)
People were always asking me, did I know Tyler Durden.

FADE IN:

INT. SOCIAL ROOM - TOP FLOOR OF HIGH-RISE - NIGHT

TYLER has the barrel of a HANDGUN lodged in JACK'S MOUTH. They struggle intensely.

They are both around 30; Tyler is blond, handsome, eyes burning with frightening intensity; and JACK, brunette, is appealing in a dry sort of way. They are both sweating and disheveled; Jack seems to be losing his will to fight.

TYLER
We won't really die. We'll be immortal.

JACK
oor -- ee-ee -- uh -- aa-i --

JACK (V.O.)
With a gun barrel between your teeth, you speak only in vowels.

Jack tongues the barrel to the side of his mouth.

JACK
(still distorted)
You're thinking of vampires.

Jack tries to get the gun. Tyler keeps control.

JACK (V.O.)
With my tongue, I can feel the silencer holes drilled into the barrel of the gun. Most of the noise a gunshot makes is expanding gases. I totally forgot about Tyler's whole murder-suicide thing for a second and I wondered how clean the gun barrel was.

Tyler checks his watch.

TYLER
Three minutes.

Jack turns so that he can see down -- 71 STORIES.

JACK (V.O.)
The building we're standing won't be here in three minutes. You take a 98-percent concentration of fuming nitric acid and add three times as much sulfuric in a bathtub full of ice. Then, glycerin drop-by-drop. Nitroglycerin. I know this because Tyler knows this.

Jack manages to SHOVE Tyler away. Then, he leaps onto him and they fall onto a table, then roll off onto the floor. The gun falls and slides. They wrestle with each other, then dash for the gun. Tyler gets there first and grabs the gun. DURING THE ABOVE:

JACK (V.O.)
The Demolitions Committee of Project Mayhem wrapped the foundation columns of this building with blasting gelatin. The primary charge will blow the base charge, and this spot Tyler and I are standing on will be a point in the sky.

Tyler drags Jack back to the glass wall and forces him to look out at the city skyline.

TYLER
This is our world now. Two minutes.

JACK (V.O.)
Two minutes to go and I'm wondering how I got here.

MOVE IN ON JACK'S FACE.

SLOWLY PULL BACK from Jack's face. It's pressed against TWO LARGE BREASTS that belong to ... BOB, a big moose of a man, around 35 years old. Jack is engulfed by Bob's arms in an embrace. Bob weeps openly. His shoulders inhale themselves up in a long draw, then drop, drop, drop in jerking sobs. Jack gives Bob some squeezes in return, but his face is stone.

JACK (V.O.)
Bob had bitch tits.

PULL BACK TO WIDE ON

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

All the men are paired off, hugging each other, talking in emotional tones. Some pairs lean forward, heads pressed ear-to-ear, the way wrestlers stand, locked. Near the door, a temporary sign on a stand: "REMAINING MEN TOGETHER."

JACK (V.O.)
This was a support group for men with testicular cancer. The big moosie slobbering all over me was Bob.

BOB
I owned my own gym. I did product endorsements.

JACK
You were a six-time champion.

JACK (V.O.)
Bob, the big cheesebread. Always told me his life story.

BOB
We're still men.

JACK
Yes. We're men. Men is what we are.

JACK (V.O.)
Bob cried. Six months ago, his testicles were removed. Then hormone therapy. He developed bitch tits because his testosterone was too high and his body upped the estrogen. That was where my head fit -- into his sweating tits that hang enormous, the way we think of God's as big.

Bob hugs tighter, then looks with empathy into Jack's eyes.

BOB
Maybe it's just seminoma. With seminoma, you have a hundred percent survival rate.

The Leader steps forward and signals everyone.

LEADER
Okay. Group hug.

Everyone converges into a cluster with arms thrown around shoulders, making a big mass of sobbing, smiling goodwill.

JACK (V.O.)
No. Wait. Back up. Let me start earlier.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack lies in bed, staring at the ceiling. He hears VOICES from beyond the wall. A FLY buzzes over his face. He swats at it, missing.

JACK (V.O.)
For six months. I couldn't sleep.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack, eyes puffy, face pale, sits before the Doctor, who studies him with bemusement.

DOCTOR
No, you can't die of insomnia.

JACK
Maybe I already died. Look at my face.

DOCTOR
You need to lighten up.

JACK
Can you give me something?

JACK (V.O.)
Little red-and-blue Tuinal, lipstick-red Seconals.

DOCTOR
(overlapping w/ above)
You need healthy, natural sleep. Chew valerian root and get more exercise.

The Doctor ushers Jack to the door. They step into the

INT. HALLWAY

Where the Doctor starts moving away from Jack, picking up a chart on a door.

JACK
I'm in pain.

DOCTOR
(facetious)
You want to see pain? Swing by Meyer High on a Tuesday night and see the guys with testicular cancer.

The Doctor moves into the other room. Jack stares after him somberly. MOVE IN ON JACK'S FACE.

PULL BACK TO WIDE ON:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Jack stares at a group of men, including Bob, who are all listening to a group member speak at a lectern. The speaker has death-white skin and sunken eyes -- he's clearly dying.

SPEAKER
I ... wanted to have three kids. Two boys and a girl. Mindy wanted two girls and one boy. We never agreed on anything.

The Speaker cracks a sad smile. Some men chuckle, happy to lighten the mood.

SPEAKER
Well ... she had her first girl a month ago ... with her new husband. Thank God, because she deserves ...

The speaker breaks down and WEEPS UNCONTROLLABLY. Jack is riveted. He barely breathes. CUT TO:

INT. GYM - LATER

A Leader herds people into pairing-off.

LEADER
Find a partner.

Bob starts toward Jack, shuffling his feet. Jack watches him, still moved by his experience, face full of intense empathy.

JACK (V.O.)
The big moosie, his eyes already shrink-wrapped in tears. Knees together, invisible steps.

Bob takes Jack into an embrace.

JACK (V.O.)
He pancaked down on top of me.

BOB
Two grown kids ... and they won't return my calls.

JACK (V.O.)
Strangers with this kind of honesty make me go a big rubbery one.

Jack's face is rapt and sincere. Bob stops talking and breaks into sobbing, putting his head down on Jack's shoulder and completely covering Jack's face.

JACK (V.O.)
Then, I was lost in oblivion -- dark and silent and complete.

Jack's body begins to jerk in sobs. He tightens his arms around Bob.

JACK (V.O.)
This was freedom. Losing all hope was freedom.

Jack pulls back from Bob. On Bob's chest, there's a WET MASK of Jack's face from how he looked weeping.

JACK (V.O.)
Babies don't sleep this well.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack lies sound asleep.

JACK (V.O.)
I became addicted.

INT. SMALL PROTESTANT CHURCH - NIGHT

Jack moves into a "group hug" of sickly people, men and women. In view is a sign by the door "Free and Clear."

JACK (V.O.)
I felt more alive than I've ever felt.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jack pulls back from a group hug of more sickly people. They pair-off. Jack stands with a weeping middle-aged WOMAN. He gingerly takes her in his arms, pats her back. He begins to cry along with her. In view is a sign by the door: "Onward and Upward."

JACK (V.O.)
If I didn't say anything, people assumed the worst. They cried harder. I cried harder.

INT. CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

Jack is in an embrace with a YOUNG MAN. They are both weeping.

JACK (V.O.)
I wasn't really dying, I wasn't host to cancer or parasites; no, I was the warm little center that the life of this world crowded around.

INT. PUBLIC BUILDING CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone settles in their seats and a Leader takes the microphone.

LEADER
Okay, everyone, close your eyes. Imagine your pain as a white ball of healing light. Go down your secret path to your cave and join up with your power animal.

EXT. ENTRANCE OF CAVE (JACK'S IMAGINATION)

Jack walks up to the entrance and out comes a PENGUIN. The penguin looks at him, smiles.

PENGUIN
Slide.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jack walks out of a doorway, saying goodbye to people. He walks down the sidewalk, his face shining with peace.

JACK (V.O.)
Every evening I died and every evening I was born. Resurrected.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - RESUMING

Jack still hanging in an embrace with Bob.

JACK (V.O.)
Bob loved me because he thought my testicles were removed, too. Being there, my face against his tits, getting ready to cry -- this was my vacation.

MARLA SINGER enters. She has short matte black hair and big, dark eyes like a character from Japanese animation.

MARLA
This is cancer, right?

She raises a cigarette to her lips. The men gape at her, dumbfounded.

JACK (V.O.)
And she ruined everything.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - LATER

Everyone paired-off. MOVE THROUGH ROOM and catch snippets of intimate, painful CONVERSATION.

FIND JACK'S FACE as it stares, over Bob's shoulder, eyes full of deep hostility.

JACK (V.O.)
Liar. Faker. Liar.

MOVE THROUGH ROOM, hearing more CONVERSATION.

FIND MARLA'S FACE, over the shoulder of a MAN she's being embraced by, SMOKING, blowing smoke rings.

JACK (V.O.)
This ... chick ... Marla Singer ... did not have testicular cancer. She had no diseases. She was a liar. I saw her at "We Shall Overcome," my melanoma group Monday night ...

INT. SMALL PROTESTANT CHURCH - NIGHT

Marla sits with the group, smoking, while a member speaks. Jack glares at her.

INT. CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

Everyone sits with eyes closed while a speaker takes them through a meditation. Various COUGHING around the room. Jack's eyes open and he glares at Marla. Her eyes are closed and she's smoking a cigarette.

JACK (V.O.)
... at "Seize The Day," my tuberculosis group Friday night.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - RESUMING

Jack continues to glare at Marla. Her eyes briefly catch his, then roll. Another puff of the cigarette.

JACK (V.O.)
Marla -- the big tourist. The faker. With her there, I was a faker, too. Her lie reflected my lie. And all of a sudden, I felt nothing. With her there, I couldn't cry.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack, fully clothed, lies on top of his bed, holding a cordless phone to his ear. He stares at the ceiling and swats at a fly.

JACK (V.O.)
So, once again, I couldn't sleep.

Jack hears something on the phone. He sits up.

JACK
I've been holding for thirty minutes.

Spread all over the floor by Jack's feet are INVOICES for CREDIT CARDS.

JACK
Yes, that's right. Yes, but I transferred part of my balance to my Visa to get the lower rate. Oh, wait. No, it wasn't your Visa. Okay, I transferred all of the MasterCard ... to ...
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
Look, can I just come down in person? I live here -- in Wilmington. Yes, all my credit cards have main headquarters here. No? Why not? Why can't I speak to an account rep? No, wait, don't put me on --

Jack reacts to being put on hold.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack sits on the toilet. He digs through a magazine rack. IKEA catalogues, Pottery Barn catalogues and more of the kind. Jack opens an IKEA catalog and flips through it.

JACK (V.O.)
I had become a slave to the IKEA nesting instinct. If I saw something like the clever Njurunda coffee tables in the shape of a lime green Yin and an orange Yang --

Move in on PHOTO of the tables. CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Completely EMPTY.

JACK (V.O.)
I had to have it.

The Njurunda tables APPEAR.

INSERT - PHOTO OF SOFAS

JACK (V.O.)
The Haparanda sofa group ...

INT. JACK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The sofa group APPEARS.

JACK (V.O.)
... with the orange slip covers by Erika Pekkari. The Johanneshov armchair in the Strinne green stripe pattern.

The armchair APPEARS.

JACK (V.O.)
The Rislampa/Har lamps from wire and environmentally-friendly unbleached paper.

The lamps APPEAR.

JACK (V.O.)
The Vild hall clock of galvanized steel.

The clock APPEARS.

JACK (V.O.)
The Klipsk shelving unit.

The shelving unit APPEARS.

INT. BATHROOM - RESUMING

Jack flips the page of the catalogue to reveal a full-page photo of an entire kitchen and dining room set.

JACK (V.O.)
I would flip and wonder, "What kind of dining room set defines me as a person?"

Jack drops the catalog down, open to this spread. PAN OVER to the magazine stack -- there's an old, tattered PLAYBOY.

JACK (V.O.)
It used to be Playboys; now -- IKEA.

INT. JACK'S KITCHEN AND DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- Looking exactly like the photo in the catalogue. Jack walks in with the cordless phone still glued to his ear.

JACK
I want to transfer my balance to get a lower interest rate.

Jack looks over the whole kitchen, dining room, and the living room beyond.

JACK (V.O.)
The things you own, they end up owning you.

Jack opens a cabinet, takes out a plate.

JACK (V.O.)
My hand-blown green glass dishes with the tiny bubbles and imperfections, proof they were crafted by the honest, simple, hard-working indigenous peoples of wherever.

He rummages through the refrigerator. It's practically empty. Jack takes out a jar of mustard, opens it and uses a butter knife to eat it.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Jack lies on the bed, phone still at his ear.

JACK
I want to talk to a live person.

Jack reacts, listens, impatiently punches a single number; waits, listens, punches another single number; listens. He rolls over, looks at one of the bills on the floor and punches an entire credit card number.

JACK (V.O.)
Next support group, after guided meditation, the white healing ball of light, after we open our chakras, when it comes time to hug, I'm going to grab that little bitch, Marla Singer, squeeze her arms down against her sides and say ...

JACK
Marla, you liar, you big tourist. Get out.

Jack yawns, rubs his eyes. They stay wide open. He punches another number into the phone. He sees a LEVITATING, STEAMING Starbucks paper coffee cup move from side to side in front of his face.

INT. COPY ROOM - DAY

Jack stands over a copy machine. The Starbucks cup sits on the lid, moving back and forth as the machine makes copies.

JACK (V.O.)
With insomnia, nothing is real. Everything is far away. Everything is a copy of a copy of a copy.

Other people make copies, all with Starbucks cups, sipping.

INT. OFFICE AREA - DAY

Floor-to-ceiling glass instead of walls. Industrial low-pile gray carpet. Walls of upholstered plywood. There are four small offices connected by a hallway to one large office.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - SAME

Jack, sipping from a Starbucks cup, stares blankly at his Starbucks bag on the floor, full of newspapers.

JACK (V.O.)
When deep space exploitation ramps up, it will be corporations that name everything. The IBM Stellar Sphere. The Philip Morris Galaxy. Planet Starbucks.

Jack looks up as a pudgy MAN in his late thirties, enters, Starbucks cup in hand, pulls up a chair, and slides a stack of reports on Jack's desk. He pats Jack's back in a superficially-friendly way.

PUDGY MAN
I'm going to need you out-of-town a little more this week. We've got some "red-flags" to cover.

JACK (V.O.)
It must've been Tuesday. My Boss was wearing his cornflower-blue tie.

JACK
(listless "management-speak")
You want me to de-prioritize my current reports until you advise of a status upgrade?

PUDGY MAN - "BOSS"
You need to make these your primary "action items."

JACK (V.O.)
He was full of pep. Must've had his latte enema.

BOSS
Here's your flight coupons. Call me from the road if there's any snags. Your itinerary ...

Jack hides a yawn and pretends to listen.

JACK (V.O.)
When you have insomnia, you're never really awake and you're never really asleep, either.

INT. SMALL PROTESTANT CHURCH - NIGHT

Jack walks in and joins the crowd.

LEADER
Okay, everyone. Chloe.

Jack catches sight of Marla, scowls at her. Taking the lectern is CHLOE, a pale, sickly girl whose skin stretches yellowish and tight around her bones. She wears a head bandage. OVER the beginning of her SPEECH:

JACK (V.O.)
Chloe looked the way Joni Mitchell's skeleton would look if you made it smile and walk around a party being extra nice to everyone.

CHLOE
My status update is ... I'm still here -- but I don't know for how long. That's as much certainty as they can give me. I'm in a pretty lonely place. No one will have sex with me. I'm so close to death and all I want is to get laid for the last time. I have pornographic movies in my apartment, and lubricants and amyl nitrate ...

The LEADER hardly knows what to do. He inches his way to the lectern, and gingerly takes control of the microphone.

LEADER
Thank you, Chloe. Everyone, close your eyes for meditation. Go to your cave and find your power animal.

EXT. ENTRANCE OF CAVE (JACK'S IMAGINATION)

Jack walks up to the entrance and finds MARLA -- smoking a cigarette, blowing smoke into his face, rolling her eyes in condescension.

MARLA
Slide.

INT. CHURCH - RESUMING

Jack's eyes snap open and turn to Marla. He glowers, watching her smoke with her eyes closed.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

The Leader, smiling, opens his eyes and looks around the group.

LEADER
Good. Now. Pair off for the one-on-one. Pick someone special to you tonight.

Everyone stands and mills about, slowly pairing-off. Jack sees the ghastly spectre of Chloe coming towards him. He smiles at her. She smiles back; it takes her some time to amble to him.

CHLOE
Hello, Cornelius.

JACK (V.O.)
I never gave my real name at support groups.

CHLOE
I'm showing signs of improvement.

JACK (V.O.)
Everyone was always getting better. They never said "parasite;" they said "agent."

She smiles at him with a twisted, dying mouth. Her eyes eerily bright with desperation. Jack's lip trembles as he, in a sincere attempt at levity, chokes out:

JACK
You ... look ... like a pirate.

Chloe laughs, a little too much. Jack squeezes out a laugh. Then, he sees Marla, off by herself. Someone is heading for her. Most people have paired-off. Jack gives a quick nod to Chloe and darts for Marla, grabbing her. Chloe watches in sad surprise.

STAY ON JACK AND MARLA as he drags her off to the periphery. He whispers into her ear.

JACK
We need to talk.

MARLA
O - kay. Sure.

JACK
You're a faker. You aren't dying. Okay, in the brainy brain-food philosophy way, we're all dying. But you're not dying the way Chloe is dying.

LEADER
Tell the other person how you feel.

MARLA
You're not dying, either ...
(reading his nametag)
"... Cornelius."

LEADER
Share yourself completely.

JACK
These are my groups, I found them!

MARLA
I saw you practicing this.

JACK
What?

MARLA
-- Telling me off. Is it going as well as you thought it would?

JACK
I'll expose you!

MARLA
Go ahead.

MEDIATOR
Let yourself cry.

Marla puts her head down on Jack's shoulder as if she were crying. Jack pulls her head back up. She deadpans at him.

JACK
I've put in some serious time on these groups -- I've been coming for a year.

MARLA
Must've been tough to pull off.

JACK
Anyone who might've noticed me in that time has either died or recovered and never come back.

MARLA
Why do you do it?

JACK
Why do you?

No answer. The Leader passes right by Jack and Marla.

LEADER
Open up. Share with each other.

JACK
... If people think you're dying, they really listen, instead of just waiting for their turn to speak. Everything else about credit card debts and sad radio songs and thinning hair goes out the window.

MARLA
It started with a lump. I went to a breast cancer support group. The lump turned out benign. But I still needed my Monday fix. So, I went to lymphoma, just to check it out. Dying people are so alive.

JACK
It becomes an addiction.

MARLA
Yeah ...

Jack almost smiles, then turns sullen. He pulls back from her.

LEADER
Now, the closing prayer.

JACK
Look, I can't go to a group with a faker present.

Marla's mood hardens.

MARLA
Well, I can't, either.

LEADER
Oh, bless us and hold us ...

JACK
We'll split up the week.

Marla starts out of the room. Jack follows her.

LEADER
... help us and help us.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Marla gets to the sidewalk, moving quickly along.

JACK
You can have lymphoma, tuberculosis and --

MARLA
No, you take tuberculosis. My smoking doesn't go over well.

JACK
I think testicular cancer should be no contest.

MARLA
You have your balls, don't you? Technically, I have more of a right to be there than you.

JACK
You're kidding.

MARLA
I don't know -- am I?

Jack follows Marla into

INT. LAUNDROMAT - CONTINUOUS

As she walks with authority up to an unwatched DRYER. She takes out all the clothes, sets them on a table and sorts through them, picking out jeans, pants and shirts.

MARLA
I'll take the parasites.

JACK
You can't have both parasites. You take blood parasites and --

MARLA
I want brain parasites.

She opens another dryer and does the same thing again.

JACK
Okay. I'll take blood parasites and I'll take organic brain dementia and --

MARLA
I want that.

JACK
You can't have the whole brain!

MARLA
So far, you have four and I have two!

JACK
Well, then, take blood parasites. Now, we each have three.

Marla gathers up all the chosen garments and heads back for the door. She whooshes past Jack.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Jack follows, bewildered.

JACK
You left half your clothes.

HONK! Jack starts. Marla's led him into the street with traffic barreling down. She defiantly stomps in front of the cars, which screech to a halt and blare their horns. Jack dashes across. Marla heads into a THRIFT STORE. Jack follows.

INT. THRIFT STORE - CONTINUOUS

Marla drops all the clothes on a back counter. An old CLERK sifts through the clothes, marks on a pad.

JACK
What are you doing? You're selling those clothes?

Marla steps down hard on Jack's foot. He jerks, wincing in pain.

MARLA
(for the Clerk to hear)
Yes, I'm selling some clothes.

The Clerk starts to ring up the various amounts he's assessed.

MARLA
So, we each have three -- that's six. What about the seventh day? I want ascending bowel cancer.

JACK (V.O.)
The girl had done her homework.

JACK
I want ascending bowel cancer.

The Clerk gives Marla and Jack a strange look as he hands over money to Marla.

MARLA
That's your favorite, too? Tried to slip it by me, huh? --

JACK
We'll split it. You get it the first and third Sunday of the month.

MARLA
Deal.

They shake hands. Jack starts to withdraw his; Marla holds it.

MARLA
I guess this is goodbye.

JACK
Let's not make a big deal out of this.

She walks toward the door. Jack watches her go.

MARLA
(not looking back)
How's this for not making a big deal?

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Jack dashes out and catches up to her.

JACK
Uh, Marla. Should we exchange phone numbers?

MARLA
Should we?

JACK
In case we want to switch nights.

MARLA
Uh-hunh. Sure.

He takes out a business card and a pen. He writes his home number on the back and hands it to her. She takes his pen, grabs his hand and writes her number on his palm. She gives him a quick grin, slaps the pen back into his palm, then saunters out into the middle of the street, causing more screeching of tires and honking. She turns back, holding up the card.

MARLA
It doesn't have your name on it. Who are you? Cornelius? Any of the stupid names you give at group?

Jack starts to yell, but the traffic noise is too loud. Marla just shakes her head at him, turns, and keeps moving away. A bus moves into view and stops, obscuring her.

JACK (V.O.)
Marla's philosophy of life, I later found out, was that she could die at any moment. The tragedy of her life was that she didn't.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - DAY

As the plane touches down for landing and the cabin BUMPS, Jack's eyes pop open.

JACK (V.O.)
You wake up at O'Hare.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - DAY

Jack snaps awake again, looking around, disoriented.

JACK (V.O.)
You wake up at SeaTac.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DUSK

The rear end of a car is visible sticking up by the side of the road. Jack stands near the car, marking on a document. The SUN SETS behind him.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Jack walks up to a gate counter. An ATTENDANT smiles at him.

ATTENDANT
Check-in for that flight doesn't begin for another two hours, Sir.

Jack looks at his watch, steps away and looks at an overhanging clock. His eyes are bleary as he reads it, adjusts his watch.

JACK (V.O.)
Pacific, Mountain, Central. You lose an hour, you gain an hour. This is your life, and it's ending one minute at a time.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - DAY

Jack's eyes snap open as the plane LANDS.

JACK (V.O.)
You wake up at Air Harbor International.

INT. AIRPORT WALKWAY

Jack stands on a conveyor belt, briefcase at his feet, moving slowly with the flow of the belt. His tired eyes watch people on the opposite conveyor belt, moving past him.

JACK (V.O.)
If you wake up at a different time and a different place, can you be a different person?

Jack's eyes catch sight of TYLER -- who we recognize from the opening sequence -- on the opposite conveyor belt. They pass each other.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

Jack sits next to a BUSINESSMAN. As they have idle CONVERSATION, we MOVE IN ON Jack's fold-out tray.

An ATTENDANT'S HANDS set coffee down with a small packet of sugar and a small container of cream.

JACK (V.O.)
The charm of traveling is: everywhere I go -- tiny life. Single-serving sugar, single-serving cream.

CUT TO: The hands place a plastic dinner tray down. Jack opens the various containers.

JACK (V.O.)
Single-serving butter, single-serving salt. Single-serving cordon bleu.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jack brushes his teeth.

JACK (V.O.)
Single-use toothbrush. Single-serving mouthwash, single serving soap.

Jack picks up an individual, wrapped Q-TIP, looks at it. He moves out of the bathroom into

MAIN AREA

And sits on the bed. He turns on the television. It's tuned to the "Sheraton Channel" and shows WAITERS serving people in a large BANQUET ROOM. Jack stops brushing his teeth, feels something near him on the bed, finds it, lifts it. It's a small MINT.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

Jack sits next to a frumpy WOMAN and they chat. Jack turns to look at his food and takes a bite. He turns back and it's

-- a BALD MAN sitting next to him, talking. He takes another bite, turns back and it's

-- a BUSINESSMAN sitting next to him. He takes another bite, turns back, and it's

-- a BUSINESS WOMAN sitting next to him.

JACK (V.O.)
The people I meet on each flight -- they're single-serving friends. Between take-off and landing, we have our time together, then we never see each other again.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - LANDING

Jack's eyes snap open.

JACK (V.O.)
You wake up at Logan.

EXT. CONCRETE LOT - DAY

Surrounded by cinderblock walls. Two TECHNICIANS in uniform lead Jack to a WAREHOUSE door. They open it, revealing a BURNT-OUT SHELL of a WRECKED AUTOMOBILE. They move into the

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

And Jack sets down his briefcase, opens it, and starts to make notes on a FORM.

JACK (V.O.)
I'm a recall coordinator. My job was to apply the formula. It's simple arithmetic.

TECHNICIAN #1
Here's where the baby went through the window. Three points.

JACK (V.O.)
It's a story problem. A new car built by my company leaves Boston traveling at 60 miles per hour. The rear differential locks up.

TECHNICIAN #2
The teenager's braces locked around the backseat ashtray. Kind makes a good "anti-smoking" ad.

JACK (V.O.)
The car crashes and burns with everyone trapped inside. Now: do we initiate a recall?

TECHNICIAN #1
The father must've been obese. See how the fat burned into the driver's seat, mixed with the dye of his shirt? Kind like modern art.

JACK (V.O.)
You take the number of vehicles in the field (A) and multiply it by the probable rate of failure (B), multiply the result by the average out-of-court settlement (C). A times B times C equals X. If X is less than the cost of a recall, we don't do one.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - TAKING OFF - NIGHT

Next to Jack, a chubby, middle-aged LADY gawks at him, appalled.

LADY
... Which ... car company do you work for?

JACK
A major one.

LADY
Oh.

Jack turns his attention to the window as the PLANE ASCENDS. The lady's VOICE FADES. Jack sees a PELICAN get SUCKED into the TURBINE. His face remains bland during the following:

The plane BUCKLES -- the cabin wobbles loosely. People begin to panic. Oxygen masks fall.

JACK (V.O.)
Life insurance pays off triple if you die on a business trip.

A forceful IMPACT with the ground and people -- except for Jack -- LURCH FORWARD, some jerking against their seatbelts, other hurling ass-over-teakettle. Bags, eyeglasses, magazines and other objects fly forward.

JACK (V.O.)
No more expense accounts, receipt required for over twenty-five dollars.

A BALL OF FIRE swoops forward from the rear of the cabin and INCINERATES EVERYTHING AND EVERYBODY -- except Jack, who remains in his same position in his seat, with the bland expression.

JACK (V.O.)
No more haircuts. Nothing matters, not even bad breath.

DING! -- the seatbelt light goes OUT.

EVERYTHING IS NORMAL.

JACK (V.O.)
Always the same fantasy. But -- no such luck.

Jack's eyes are closed. He seems asleep. From next to him, a VOICE we've heard before.

VOICE
There are three ways to make napalm. One, mix equal parts of gasoline and frozen orange juice.

Jack's eyes snap open and he turns to see Tyler, who is staring out the window. Without turning to Jack, he continues:

TYLER
Two, mix equal parts of gasoline and diet cola. Three, dissolve crumbled cat litter in gasoline until the mixture is thick.

Jack's smile fades. Tyler turns to him and grins. He reaches down under the seat in front of him and pulls up a briefcase. Jack looks at it with trepidation.

JACK (V.O.)
This is how I met --

Tyler offers his hand, Jack takes it and Tyler squeezes firmly and shakes hands.

TYLER
Tyler Durden. You know why they have oxygen masks on planes?

JACK
Supply oxygen?

TYLER
That's a sharp answer. The oxygen gets you high. You're taking in giant, panicked breaths and, suddenly, you become euphoric and docile, and you accept your fate.

Tyler grabs a safety instruction card from the seat pocket and shows Jack the passive faces on the drawn figures. Tyler imitates the face. Jack laughs; he is completely beguiled.

JACK
What do you do, Tyler?

TYLER
What do you want me to do?

JACK
I mean -- for a living.

TYLER
Why? So you can say, "Oh, that's what you do." -- And be a smug little shit about it?

Jack laughs. He points to his own briefcase, under the seat in front of him.

JACK
We have the same briefcase.

Tyler pops the latches on his briefcase. A beat, while Jack's expression turns nervous again about what's inside. Tyler swings the lid up, revealing a full bounty of quaintly-wrapped bars of soap.

TYLER
I make and sell soap.

He gives Jack one. Jack takes it, looks it over.

TYLER
If you add nitric acid to the soap-making process, you get nitroglycerin. With enough soap, you could blow up the world.

Jack now looks at the bar of soap nervously. He looks at Tyler, slowly smiles and shakes his head.

Tyler takes out a blank BOARDING PASS. He takes out a small stencil, scrapes a pencil over it, creating a seat number which looks printed. Then, he takes out a stamp and ink pad. He stamps the pass.

JACK
Uh ... why are you going to Wilmington?

TYLER
I live there.

JACK
Me, too.

Tyler shuts his briefcase and stands.

TYLER
Excuse me.

Jack stands, allowing Tyler to pass into the aisle.

JACK
So, uh ... we should hook up sometime.

Jack hands Tyler a business card. Tyler snatches it, writes down a number, hands it back to Jack.

JACK
Tyler, you're by far the most interesting "single-serving" friend I've ever met.

A beat as Tyler stares at him, deadpan. Jack, enjoying his own chance to be witty, leans a bit closer to Tyler.

JACK
You see, when you travel, everything is --

TYLER
I grasp the concept. You're very clever.

JACK
Thank you.

TYLER
How's that working out for you? -- Being clever.

JACK
(thrown off)
Well, uh ... uh ... great.

TYLER
Keep it up, then. Keep it right up.

Jack sits and watches Tyler walk up to the curtain dividing First Class. Tyler shows the bogus boarding pass to an ATTENDANT, who leads him through the curtain.

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - WILMINGTON - NIGHT

Utterly empty of baggage, and, except for Jack and a SECURITY TASK FORCE MAN, utterly empty of people; quiet. The Security TFM, smirking, holds a receiver to his ear from an official phone on the wall.

SECURITY TFM
(to Jack)
Throwers don't worry about ticking. Modern bombs don't tick.

JACK
Throwers?

SECURITY TFM
Baggage handlers. But when a suitcase vibrates, the throwers have to call the police.

JACK
My suitcase was <u>vibrating</u>?

SECURITY TFM
Nine times out of ten, it's an electric razor. One out of ten, it's a dildo. Sometimes it's even a man. It's airline policy not to imply ownership in the event of a dildo. We gotta use the indefinite article: "A dildo." Never "Your dildo."

JACK (V.O.)
I had everything in that bag. Six white shirts, two black trousers, six pair underwear, alarm clock, contact lens stuff, and ... cordless electric razor.

SECURITY TFM
(into phone)
Yeah? Oh, fuck, now a recording.

The Security TFM punches a few code numbers into the phone, waits. CUT TO:

EXT. EMPTY RUNWAY - NIGHT

A solitary SUITCASE sits on the concrete.

KABOOM! The suitcase explodes. CUT TO:

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - RESUMING

The Security TFM still on hold, entertains Jack.

SECURITY TFM
(to Jack)
You know the industry slang for "flight attendant?" "Air Mattress."
(into phone)
Yeah? Really?

The Security TFM, turns to Jack, shakes his head, hangs up the phone; shrugs.

EXT. AIRPORT DRIVE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack waits by the curb as a TAXI approaches.

JACK (V.O.)
Things could be worse. A spider could lay eggs under the skin in your face and the larva could tunnel around and baby spiders could burst from your nostrils.

INT. TAXI - MOVING - NIGHT

Along a residential street. Jack looks ahead, sees a tall, grey, bland building on the corner.

JACK (V.O.)
Home was a condo on the fifteenth floor of a filing cabinet for widows and young professionals.

The taxi approaches the intersection.

JACK (V.O.)
The walls were solid concrete. A foot of concrete is important when your next-door neighbor lets her hearing aid go and has to watch game shows at full blast ...

The taxi turns a corner and Jack sees the front of the building. A diffuse CLOUD of SMOKE wafts away from a BLOWN-OUT SECTION on the fifteenth floor. FIRETRUCKS, POLICECARS and a MOB are all crowded around the lobby area.

JACK (V.O.)
-- Or when a volcanic blast of burning gas and debris that used to be your furniture and personal effects blows out your floor-to-ceiling window and sails down flaming to leave just your condo -- only yours -- a gutted, charred concrete hole in the cliffside of the building.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BUILDING

Jack, gaping at the sight above him, absently gives the Cabbie money. The taxi pulls away. Jack stands frozen.

JACK (V.O.)
These things happen.

Jack starts toward the building. He enters the fray of people, pushes through to the lobby. The DOORMAN sees him, gives a sad smile, shakes his head. Jack starts for the elevator.

DOORMAN
There's nothing up there.

Jack presses the button; waits. The Doorman moves next to him.

DOORMAN
You can't go into the unit. Police orders. They're investigating for arson.

The elevator doors open. Jack hesitates. The doors close.

DOORMAN
Do you have someone you can call?

Jack heads back for the lobby doors. The Doorman follows.

EXT. CONDO BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Jack walks past SMOKING, CHARRED DEBRIS -- a flash of ORANGE from the Yang table, a CLOCK FACE from the hall clock, part of an arm from the GREEN ARMCHAIR. His feet CRUNCH glass. He gets to a payphone. The Doorman stays right with him, watching him. CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - JACK'S STOVE

Hissing.

JACK (V.O.)
Later, the police told me someone could've turned the pilot light off, turned a burner on.

EXT. PAYPHONE - RESUMING

Jack picks up the receiver, stares at the numbers on the phone.

DOORMAN
A lot of young people try to impress the world and buy too many things.

CLOSE SHOT - JACK'S ENTIRE CONDO - KITCHEN AND LIVING ROOM

Sound of the HISS.

JACK (V.O.)
The gas then could have slowly filled the condo from floor to ceiling in every room. Seventeen-hundred square feet with high ceilings for days and days.

EXT. PAYPHONE - RESUMING

Jack's fingers move over the numbers lightly, as he thinks.

DOORMAN
A lot of young people don't know what they really want.

INSERT - CLOSE ON BASE OF JACK'S REFRIGERATOR

JACK (V.O.)
Then, the refrigerator's compressor clicked on.

Click. KABLAM! SCREEN GOES WHITE.

EXT. PAYPHONE - RESUMING

Jack digs into his pocket, pulls out his business card, turns it over -- sees the number Tyler wrote. He dials it. It rings ... and rings. He waits.

JACK (V.O.)
Tyler Durden. Rescue me.

DOORMAN
Young people think they want the whole world.

JACK (V.O.)
Deliver me from Swedish furniture. Deliver me from clever art.

DOORMAN
If you don't know what you want, you end up with a lot you don't.

JACK (V.O.)
May I never be content. May I never be complete. May I never be perfect. Deliver me.

Jack sighs and hangs up the phone. He starts to push past the Doorman when the phone RINGS. Jack grabs it.

JACK
Hello?

TYLER'S VOICE
Who's this?

JACK
Tyler?

EXT. LOU'S TAVERN - NIGHT

A small building, sitting squarely in the middle of a large concrete parking lot. A few streetlamps illuminate the lot. A freeway runs nearby.

INT. LOU'S TAVERN - SAME

Jack and Tyler sit at a table in the very back of the room. A half-empty pitcher of beer shows dried foam scum from the previous refill.

Five DRUNKEN GUYS at a table at the opposite side of the bar, keep glancing over and chuckling in a potentially hostile manner.

TYLER
You buy furniture. You tell yourself, this is the last sofa you'll ever need in your life; no matter what else goes wrong, you've got the sofa issue handled. Then the right set of dishes. Then the right bed. The drapes. The rug. This is how you're good to yourself. This is how you fill up your life.

JACK
I ... guess so.

TYLER
And now your condo blows up and you have nothing.

JACK
I ... guess so.

TYLER
And now you find yourself, sitting here, feeling like it's the best thing that ever happened to you.

JACK
... yeah.

TYLER
I don't know you, so maybe I'm wrong. Maybe it's a terrible fucking tragedy.

JACK
... no.

TYLER
I mean, you lost a lot of nice, perfect, neat little shit.

JACK
Fuck it all.

TYLER
Wow. That's pretty strong.

JACK
... yeah.

TYLER
Do you have family you can call?

JACK
My mother would just go into hysterics. My Dad ... Don't know where he is. Only knew him for six years. Then, he ran off to a new city and married another woman and had more kids. Every six years -- new city, new family. He was setting up franchises.

Tyler smiles, snorts, shakes his head.

TYLER
A generation of men raised by women. Look what it's done to you.

JACK
To me?

TYLER
We're on our third pitcher of beer and you still can't ask me.

JACK
Huh?

TYLER
Why don't you cut the shit and ask me if you can stay at my place?

JACK
Well ... uh ...

TYLER
Why don't you cut the shit and ask me if you can stay at my place?

JACK
Would that be a problem?

TYLER
Is it a problem for you to ask me?

JACK
Can I stay at your place?

TYLER
Yeah.

JACK
Thanks.

TYLER
-- If you do me one favor.

JACK
What's that?

TYLER
I want you to hit me as hard as you can.

FREEZE PICTURE.

JACK (V.O.)
Let me tell you a little bit about Tyler Durden.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - FILM FRAME

-- And we can see it's a PENIS.

INT. PROJECTIONIST ROOM - THEATRE - NIGHT

Jack, in the foreground, FACES CAMERA. In the BACKGROUND, Tyler sits at a bench, looking at individual FRAMES that have been cut out of movies. Near him, the PROJECTOR rolls a film.

JACK
Tyler works some nights as a projectionist. A film doesn't come in one big reel ...

Tyler speaks to Jack normally, not to the camera.

TYLER
In an old theatre, two projectors are used. I have to change projectors at the exact second so the audience never sees the break when one reel starts and one reel runs out. You can see two dots on screen at the end of a reel -- this is the warning.

JACK
He splices single frames of genitalia from porno movies into family films.

TYLER
One-twenty-forth of a second. That's how long the penis flashes up there. Towering, slippery, red and terrible, and no one knows they've seen it.

Jack and Tyler watch the audience of PARENTS and CHILDREN as an ANIMAL adventure MOVIE plays. Suddenly, children start becoming uncomfortable and squirming. Some start CRYING. Some THROW UP.

JACK
Tyler also worked as a ...

INT. LARGE BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Tyler moves the cart around one of many tables, ladling out soup.

Jack stands in the same position, FACING CAMERA.

JACK
... banquet waiter at the luxurious Pressman Hotel.

The GUESTS are dressed in resplendent clothes, reeking of wealth and privilege. They command the WAITERS with snaps of the finger. Complaints pop like gunshots. The stiff-necked CATERING MANAGER contemptuously hawk-eyes the waiters. It's hellish.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Jack turns and WE PAN to Tyler, standing by a CART with a giant SOUP TUREEN and bowls. His hands are at his open fly and he's in position to piss into the soup.

TYLER
Don't watch. I can't if you watch me.

CAMERA PANS to original position as Jack continues TO CAMERA.

JACK
He was a guerrilla terrorist of the food service industry.

TYLER (O.S.)
Shit. I can't go.

After a beat, the sound of WATER SPLASHING the floor. Jack peeks and sees Tyler pouring out a water glass with one hand, the other hand at his crotch.

TYLER
... Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah.

Jack turns back TO CAMERA.

JACK
He farted on crème brûlée; he sneezed on braised endive; and, with creme of mushroom soup, he ... he ...

TYLER (O.S.)
Go ahead. Say it.

JACK
Well, you get the idea.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF TAVERN - RESUMING

Tyler and Jack come out of the bar; Jack shakes his head.

JACK
What?

TYLER
Hit me as hard as you can.

Tyler leads Jack into an open area, lit by a streetlamp.

JACK
I don't know about this, Tyler.

TYLER
I don't know, either. I want to find out. We're virgins. Neither one of us has ever been hit.

JACK
You've never been in a fight?

TYLER
I didn't say that. I said I've never been hit.

JACK
That's good, isn't it?

TYLER
Listen to me -- hit me. You're the only one I ever asked.

JACK
Me?

Jack stares at him. The five drunken GUYS -- the same ones who stared at them earlier -- have formed a distant perimeter, sensing a fight. Jack glances at them, then back at Tyler.

JACK
I've ... never hit anyone in my life.

TYLER
Go crazy. Let it rip.

JACK
Where do you want it? In the face or the stomach?

TYLER
Surprise me.

Jack swings a wide, clumsy roundhouse that connects with Tyler's neck. It makes a dull, soft, flat sound. Tyler's neck turns red.

JACK
Shit. Sorry. That didn't count. Let me try again.

TYLER
Like hell. That counted.

Tyler shoots out a straight punch to Jack's chest. The impact makes a dull, barely-audible sound and Jack falls back against a car. The Guys whoop and clap, moving closer. Jack's eyes involuntarily well up with tears. He and Tyler breathe HEAVILY and sprout BEADS of SWEAT on their faces.

TYLER
How do you feel?

JACK
Strange.

TYLER
But a <u>good</u> strange.

JACK
Is it?

TYLER
We've crossed the threshold.

JACK
... I guess so.

TYLER
You want to call it off?

JACK
Call what off?

TYLER
The fight.

JACK
What fight?

TYLER
I'm tired of watching only professionals. I don't want to die without any scars. How much can you really know about yourself if you never go at it, one-on-one?

JACK
Tyler ...

TYLER
Are you a pussy?

Jack swings another roundhouse that slams right under Tyler's ear. The sound, soft and flat. Tyler punches Jack in the stomach. The Guys move closer, cheering the fight. Tyler and Jack move clumsily, throwing punches. They breathe heavier, their eyes red and bright. They drool saliva and blood. They each hurt badly and become dizzier from every impact.

JACK (V.O.)
If you've never been in a fight, you wonder about getting hurt, about what you're capable of doing against another man.

Tyler and Jack keep fighting. The guys mix laughter with their cheers, looking at each other in wondrous amusement.

EXT. CURBSIDE - LATER

Jack and Tyler sit on the curb, staring at the sparse headlights on the nearby freeway. Their eyes are glazed with endorphin-induced serenity. They look at each other. Laugh. Look away.

TYLER
What were you fighting?

JACK
My job. My boss, who fiddles with my DOS execute commands. Marla, at my support groups. Everything that's broken and doesn't work in my life. What were you fighting?

TYLER
My father.

A pause as Jack studies Tyler's face.

JACK
We should do this again sometime.

Tyler cracks a smiles, gives a sidelong glance to Jack, then returns his stare to the night sky.

EXT. PAPER STREET - NIGHT

A street sign: "PAPER STREET." An abandoned PAPER MILL sits on one side and only ONE HOUSE on the other, the rest of the land being undeveloped grass and weeds. It's an old, grand, three-story gone to seed. It looks abandoned, too.

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Tyler leads Jack up a staircase to a 2ND FLOOR LANDING, then opens the door to a room.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack steps into the room, sits down on the old bed. It CREAKS. Dust drifts upward.

JACK (V.O.)
I don't know how Tyler found the house. He'd been there for half a year. It was waiting for re-zoning or something.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOU'S TAVERN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

LONG SHOT - ZOOMING OUT - A group of SIX GUYS watching TWO GUYS in a fist fight. CUT TO:

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Jack, his face showing new bruises and cuts, his knuckles puffy, shoos away cockroaches as he makes coffee with a wire-mesh strainer. He has a happy little smile.

JACK (V.O.)
Nothing worked. The rusty plumbing leaked. Turning on a light meant that another light in the house went out. The stairs were ready to collapse.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

LONG SHOT - ZOOMING OUT - Resuming from previous shot, getting further away, but now with TEN GUYS around two guys fighting. CUT TO:

INT. SHOWER - MORNING

Jack, showing some new bruises, with even fatter knuckles, turns on the water. LOUD VIBRATION from the walls. Water spits in starts, then dribbles out. CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Tyler, in a nice suit, checks over the bars of soap in his briefcase, then shuts it. Jack walks in, dressed in his work clothes. He picks up a battered old saucepan with boiling coal-black coffee and sips. He offers it to Tyler, who sips. Jack pulls a TOOTH out of his mouth and throws it into the sink. They both walk out the door.

EXT. CINEMA PARKING LOT - NIGHT

LONG SHOT - ZOOMING OUT - Resuming from previous shot, getting further away, but now with FOURTEEN GUYS around a fight. CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Tyler, in his waiter uniform, sits next to Jack on the lip of the porch. They both have newer, different bruises and cuts, sit and guzzle beer. THUNDERCLAPS. RAIN begins to fall. Tyler gets to his feet.

INT. BASEMENT - SAME

Tyler and Jack are knee-deep in water, standing by a FUSEBOX. Tyler opens it. He grabs two breaker switches, waits for Jack. Jack grabs two other switches. Apparently, they have to do this in a certain order. Tyler flips his switches, then Jack flips his. CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION AREA - NIGHT

LONG SHOT - ZOOMING OUT - Resuming from previous shot, getting further away, but now with EIGHTEEN GUYS around a fight. CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rain DRIPS from the ceiling -- some of it from LIGHT FIXTURES. Tyler and Jack enter with LIT CANDLES. They sit down on the decrepit, buckled wood floor. There's not one item of furniture in the room. There are, however, THOUSANDS of MAGAZINES.

JACK (V.O.)
The previous occupant collected magazines.

They each pick up an opened magazine and resume reading, adjusting close to the candles.

Tyler lies down next to him, setting his candle next to Jack's. Tyler picks up a magazine.

TYLER
What are you reading?

JACK
"I Am Joe's Lungs." It's written in first person. "Without me, Joe could not take in oxygen to feed his red blood cells."

TYLER
Sounds fascinating.

JACK
It's a whole series -- "I Am Joe's Prostate."

TYLER
"I get cancer, and I kill Joe."

JACK
What are you reading?

TYLER
Soldier of Fortune. National Geographic. New Republic. Forbes.

JACK
Show-off.

JACK (V.O.)
Every Wednesday night, after fighting like wild animals, we were too wired to go to sleep.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

In near DARKNESS as a SLIDE SHOW progresses, run by a chipper salesman, WALTER. Jack sits, deadpan, with a PUFFY LIP and a BRUISE on his cheek.

JACK (V.O.)
Thursday morning, my Boss didn't know what to think.

Boss blocks him from the rest of the room, gives him a dubious look, turns back to Walter.

JACK (V.O.)
And all I could do was think about next week.

Walter advances to the next slide, showing a view of a COMPUTER SCREEN.

WALTER
The basic premise of microsofting your office is -- make things more efficient.

As Walter continues, his sales pitched gets drowned out by Jack's narration:

JACK (V.O.)
Walter, the Microsoft account exec, smiled at me with his steam shovel jaw. Walter, with his smooth, soft hands. Here he was, doing his cute little show. Maybe thinking about a free-range potluck he'd been to last weekend, but probably not.

Walter moves to Jack and slaps his shoulder.

WALTER
I showed this already to my man here. You liked it, didn't you?

Slowly, Jack smiles. His teeth are RED with BLOOD. They GLOW eerily in the dim light.

JACK (V.O.)
You can swallow a pint of blood before you get sick.

WALTER
Jeez. I'd hate to see what happened to the other guy.

Jack keeps the smile frozen on his face.

JACK (V.O.)
Fuck Walter. His candy ass wouldn't last a second in fight club.

EXT. LOU'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Out of silent darkness, HEADLIGHTS appear from all directions. A synchronous WAVE of cars PULLS UP and parks in the already-filled lot. Young men get out of the arriving cars and wander into the tavern. We recognize, among them, the GUYS who watched Tyler and Jack's first fight.

INT. LOU'S TAVERN - SAME

The men enter; the bartender, IRVINE, calls out:

IRVINE
Drink up people. We're closing. Let's go.

The crowd consists of men and women YUPPIES; blue collar REGULARS dressed in work clothes or like cowboys; floozy barfly WOMEN. MUSIC plays from the jukebox.

The arriving men simply wait. And wait. Tyler and Jack enter. They, too, stand back against the wall.

The waiting army begins to share secret looks and grins. A certain level of eagerness can be seen among them.

Irvine looks at Jack and grins. He flips on LIGHTS. The drunken customers squint and get the message. They gulp down their drinks, plop down money and filter out the door. Irvine hits a button and the jukebox loses power -- the record simply turns slower until it stops revolving.

Finally, the last of the irritated customers leaves. One guy locks the door. Two other guys pull down blinds. Someone else moves over to the BASEMENT DOOR and opens it.

INT. BASEMENT STEPS - MOMENTS LATER

The grinning men march down steps; CHATTER begins.

TALL GUY
I brought my roommate tonight. Phil.

FAT GUY
Oh, yeah? Hi, Phil.

TALL GUY
He kept seeing what I looked like. Had to check it out.

INT. TAVERN BASEMENT - SAME

A BOMB-SHELTER -- concrete floor, concrete walls. One BARE LIGHT BULB hangs by a wire from the ceiling. Tyler nods to Jack and Jack turns on the light. The guys mill around, finding partners. The whole mood is very friendly. Everyone brims with eagerness, but tries to act cool about it. CHATTER gets LOUDER.

FAT GUY
A mean uppercut.

WIRY GUY
I gotta work on my left.

SHORT GUY
He's got a left.

FAT GUY
Hey, you're wiping the floor with dudes who are way out of your weight class.

TALL GUY
(slapping Wiry Guy's shoulder)
Skinny guys. They fight till they're burger.

PEAKING CHATTER, then -- Tyler moves into position directly under the light bulb. His face is partially in shadow.

Everyone spreads out, forming a circle, the light bulb for a center. Tyler's will WIPES through the room and the CHATTER DIES. A couple of COUGHS, FEET SHUFFLING. Then, SILENCE.

TYLER
The first rule of fight club is -- you don't talk about fight club. The second rule of fight club is -- you don't talk about fight club.

Jack glances over at a short guy, RICKY, with a BLACK EYE.

JACK (V.O.)
This kid, Ricky -- supply clerk -- he can't remember whether you ordered pens with blue ink or black ink ...

TYLER
The third rule in fight club is -- when someone says "stop" or goes limp, the fight is over. The fourth rule is -- only two guys to a fight.

JACK (V.O.)
But Ricky was a god for ten minutes when he trounced an actuary twice his size.

TYLER
Fifth rule -- one fight at a time. Sixth rule -- no shirts or shoes.. Seventh rule -- fights go on as long as they have to. And the eighth rule of fight club is -- if this is your first night, you have to fight.

Tyler steps back, and a FAT MAN and a GOATEED MAN take off their shirts and shoes and step into the center. They circle each other, then begin throwing punches. SWEAT flies into the moist air. SHOUTS become DEAFENING.

JACK (V.O.)
Sometimes you could hear flat, hard packing sounds over all the yelling as someone caught his breath and sprayed:

GOATEED MAN
Ssstop.

INT. OFFICE PARK RESTAURANT - DAY

Jack, eating lunch, is served a refill soda by the BROKEN-NOSED WAITER with a GOATEE, the man from the above fight.

JACK (V.O.)
Even if I could tell someone they had a good fight, I wouldn't be talking to the same man. Who you were in fight club is not who you were in the rest of your world. You weren't alive anywhere like you were alive at fight club. But fight club only exists in the hours between when fight club starts and when fight club ends.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Boss, passing by the doorway, looks in at Jack with irritated wonder. Jack, playing solitaire on his computer, daubs blood from his mouth with a handkerchief.

BOSS
What are you getting yourself into every week?

Jack flashes a smile at Boss. Boss shakes his head, walks away.

JACK (V.O.)
After a night in fight club, everything else in your life gets the volume turned down. You can deal with anything. All the people who used to have power over you have less and less.

Reflexively, Jack's tongue plays with his teeth.

JACK (V.O.)
By this point, I could wiggle most of the teeth in my jaw.

INT. BUS - DAY

Jack stands, holding a hand grip. An arrogant MAN in a three-piece suit brushes past him, knocking his shoulder.

JACK (V.O.)
We all started to size people up.

Jack violently knocks the Man's shoulder in return. The Man turns and he and Jack face each other for a brief moment. Jack's face is stone.

JACK (V.O.)
I'd look at some asshole and <u>know</u> I could beat him.

The arrogant Man continues down the aisle. Jack notices a GUY with a SMASHED LIP. This Guy grins, giving a slight nod.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Jack walks past the parking garage. He sees a VALET who has facial bruises.

JACK (V.O.)
We were all doing it.

The Valet and Jack share a quick smile. A BMW pulls up and HONKS at the Bruised Valet. The Bruised Valet has no reaction as a FAT EXEC gets out of his car and tosses the keys. Jack watches the Bruised Valet size up the Exec, then hop into the car and loudly PEEL OUT.

JACK (V.O.)
I would see them all the time -- fight club members looking at other guys, knowing they could kick their asses.

INT. TAVERN BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jack lands a couple of jabs to HIS OPPONENT'S stomach, then brings up a left uppercut that smashes the Opponent's jaw. Tiny spatters of BLOOD adorn the walls, along with sweat.

JACK (V.O.)
Fight club was not about winning or losing. It wasn't about words.

The Opponent recovers, throws a headlock on Jack. Jack snakes his arm into a counter headlock. They, wrestling like wild animals. The crowd CHEERS maniacally.

JACK (V.O.)
The hysterical shouting was in tongues, like at a Pentecostal church.

The onlookers kneel to stay with the fight, cheering ever louder. The Opponent smashes Jack's head into the floor, over and over.

JACK
Stop.

Everyone moves in as the Opponent steps away. They lift Jack to his feet. On the floor is a BLOOD MASK of Jack's face -- similar to his TEAR MASK on BOB'S SHIRT, seen earlier. Tyler pushes through the crowd.

TYLER
Cool.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Everyone files out of the bar, sweating, bleeding, smiling.

JACK (V.O.)
Afterwards, we all felt saved.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Jack and Tyler walk through the pools of light cast by streetlamps. They both drip blood and sport bruises. They each carry a 4x4 piece of WOOD. As they pass parked cars, they SLAM the sticks against the front bumpers, setting off the ALARMS and causing the AIR BAGS to INFLATE.

They come to a bus stop that has a large display ad for jeans. It has a photo of a shirtless man.

TYLER
Is that what a man looks like?

JACK
Isn't it?

Tyler smears blood on the ad. They continue on their way. Tyler comes to a "ROAD WORK" sign. Tyler kicks it into a deep HOLE. He and Jack tightrope-walk on wooden beams over darkness.

TYLER
Guys packing into the gyms, all trying to look like what Calvin Klein says. Fight club isn't about looking good.

As they step back onto solid pavement, Tyler kicks one of the beams, causing it to come loose and fall. The whole temporary work structure falls into the hole. Tyler and Jack continue walking. In the background, a car SKIDS and FISHTAILS, avoiding the hole.

Sound of a SIREN getting closer. Tyler hands Jack the 4x4 and runs, laughing. Jack stands there a moment, then throws the stick and runs after Tyler.

JACK (V.O.)
A guy comes to fight club for the first time, and his ass is a wad of cookie dough. After a few weeks, he looks carved out of wood. He trusts himself to handle anything.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Tyler, panting, sweat mixing with blood, slow down and resume walking. Tyler pulls his fingers, popping them -- his knuckles are swollen. He grins at the pain.

TYLER
Self-improvement is masturbation. Self-destruction is the answer.

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

The PHONE RINGS. Jack enters from the living room, buttoning his shirt. He answers.

JACK
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH

INT. MARLA'S ROOM - SAME

She lies on the bed, twisting the phone cord around her neck like a noose.

MARLA
Where have you been the last few weeks?

JACK
Marla?

MARLA
I haven't seen you at any support groups.

JACK
That's the idea -- we split them.

MARLA
You haven't been going to yours.

JACK
I found a new one.

MARLA
Really? Can I go to it?

JACK
It's for men.

MARLA
Like testicular cancer?

JACK
Like that. Look, this is a bad time.

MARLA
I started going to debtor's anonymous. You want to see <u>really</u> fucked up people?

JACK
Look, I'm going out ...

MARLA
I'm going out of my mind. I got a stomach full of Xanax. I took what was left of the bottle. Might've been too much ... probably was.

Jack turns TO CAMERA.

JACK (V.O.)
Picture yourself watching Marla throw herself around her crummy apartment, saying, "I'm dying. Dying. Dying. It could go on for hours.

JACK
You probably want to die in peace. I'll let you go.

MARLA
Stay on the line. I want you to hear me describe death.

Jack puts the handset on top of the phone, still off the hook, and walks out of the kitchen.

MARLA'S VOICE
I want to see if my spirit can use the telephone.

INT. BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

GRUNTS of PLEASURE and EXERTION. In dim light, we get glimpses of TORSOS, ASSES, LEGS, ARMS, BREASTS, and BLACK FEMALE HAIR -- all DRENCHED in SWEAT. Sheets RIP. CA-CHUNK! CA-CHUNK! Bodies hit the FLOOR and roll. More insane GRUNTING. And LAUGHING -- CACKLING. A flash of MARLA'S FACE. Then, groans of ecstasy approaching climax. CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - SUNRISE

Jack sits up in bed, looks around the room.

INT. 2ND FLOOR LANDING

Jack steps out of his room, looks down to the next door -- the door is closed.

JACK (V.O.)
Tyler's door was closed. I'd been living here a month, and Tyler's door never closed.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Jack stares into the toilet. CLOSE UP - SIX USED CONDOMS IN TOILET.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Jack sits at the table, sipping coffee, reading Reader's Digest. He takes in a long yawn, rubs his eyes. He hears FOOTSTEPS approaching.

JACK
You're not going to believe the dream I had.

Marla walks in, straightening her dress. She looks like she's been raped by a hurricane. Some of her hair is matted against her head, some of it is sticking out wildly. Jack gapes at her in shock. She cracks a coy smile and runs a finger across the back of his neck.

MARLA
I can hardly believe anything about last night.

She pours herself a cup of coffee. She takes a big gulp, GARGLES and SPITS it out into the sink. She gives Jack a lascivious smile. Then, she sips from the cup. She strokes his hair. He pulls back from her.

JACK
What the fuck are you doing here?!

Marla looks at him a beat, then throws the cup into the sink and it SHATTERS.

MARLA
Fuck you.

She kicks open the door to the backyard and walks out. Jack watches her stomp across the lawn to the sidewalk and down the street.

Jack turns and -- Tyler is at his shoulder, staring after Marla. He's in his usual sweatpants. He grins at Jack, then moves away, pours himself coffee. Jack, smoldering, slumps at the table and picks up Reader's Digest. Tyler puts his foot on a countertop and begins to do stretching exercises.

TYLER
That crazy bitch almost fucked me in half. Get this -- I come home and the phone is off the hook ...

MOVE IN ON JACK'S FACE as he pretends to read, but glances up at Tyler. TYLER'S VOICE FADES as:

JACK (V.O.)
I already knew the story before he told it to me.

INT. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

Tyler enters through the back door and moves to the phone.

MARLA'S VOICE
(from handset)
I'll tell you when I'm floating out of my body.

Gently, Tyler lifts the handset and listens, smiling.

JACK (V.O.)
I don't know why, but Tyler actually thought it was a bad thing that Marla was about to die.

INT. 8TH FLOOR LANDING - LATE AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

Tyler reaches the top of the stairs and heads for Marla's room. Before he can knock, Marla's hand shoots out and grabs Tyler's arm.

INT. MARLA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

Marla pulls Tyler inside and shuts the door. Her drugged eyes look him over.

MARLA
You got here fast.

She staggers and sits on the bed. She slides off, along with the blanket and sheets, to the floor.

MARLA
The mattresses here are all sealed in slippery plastic.

She tries to focus her eyes on Tyler.

MARLA
Did I call you?

SIRENS and vehicles SCREECHING to a halt outside. Doors opening and SLAMMING; running FOOTFALL. Marla scowls and RAMS Tyler with her knee, knocking him off her.

MARLA
You called the cops?! Shit!

She gets to her feet, grabs Tyler, hauls him to his feet and pulls him out the door.

INT. HALLWAY (FLASHBACK)

Marla LOCKS her door, then shoves Tyler toward the staircase. She and Tyler suddenly flatten against the wall as COPS and PARAMEDICS charge by with oxygen.

COP
Where's 8-G?

MARLA
End of the hall.

The rescuers keep running. Marla and Tyler start down the steps. Marla lingers a beat, hearing the cops bang on the door. She calls out to them:

MARLA
The girl who lives there used to be a charming, lovely girl. But she has no faith in herself.

Tyler yanks on Marla's arm. They continue down the steps, with Marla's speech getting louder.

MARLA
And she's worried that, as she grows older, she'll have less options. She's turned into a monster! She's infectious human waste! Good luck trying to save her!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Tyler makes coffee. Marla slouches against the refrigerator.

MARLA
If I fall asleep, I die. You have to keep me up all night.

Tyler smiles.

JACK (V.O.)
He was able to handle it.

INT. TYLER'S ROOM - DAWN (FLASHBACK)

Marla and Tyler, in a wrecked bed. Tyler's eyes are closed. Marla kisses his ear.

MARLA
According to ancient Chinese custom, you're responsible for me forever,.. because you saved my life.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING - RESUMING

Tyler gulps some coffee, shaking his head.

TYLER
... And she's spouting this crap she got from watching too much television.

JACK (V.O.)
If only I hadn't gone to a movie. If only I went to her stupid room to watch her die.

Tyler sits opposite him, studies his face.

TYLER
You aren't doing her, are you?

JACK (V.O.)
I Am Joe's Raging Bile Duct.

JACK
No.

TYLER
I didn't think so.

JACK
You didn't think so?

TYLER
She's not your type.

JACK
How would you know what my type is?

TYLER
She's just a wild, twisted bitch.

JACK
Oh, and my pace is more librarians and den mothers.

TYLER
Kinky.

JACK (V.O.)
How could someone like Tyler get involved with someone like Marla Singer? It was impossible.

JACK
Marla doesn't need a lover. She needs a case worker.

TYLER
This is sport-fucking. She's a hosebag.

JACK (V.O.)
She invaded my support groups, now she's invaded my home. My friendship. Like a cancer.

TYLER
You're okay, aren't you?

JACK (V.O.)
I Am Joe's Clenching Bowels.

JACK
Sure.

JACK (V.O.)
Put a gun to my head and paint the wall with my brains.

JACK
It's fine, great.

TYLER
Now, listen. You gotta understand something about me. I got a little rule. Don't ever talk to her about me. I can't stand that kind of shit.

Tyler fixes Jack with a friendly, but firm stare.

TYLER
If you ever mention me to her -- or anyone else -- I'll find out about it. And you'll never see me again.

JACK
Okay.

TYLER
You promise?

JACK
I promise.

Tyler abruptly gets up and leaves the kitchen. Jack watches him go, smoldering.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack sits watching television at HIGH VOLUME. Sounds of ROUGH SEX from upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack lies calmly, in a Zen state, on his bed, staring at the ceiling. Sounds of THUMPS and CRASHES from beyond the wall, along with Tyler's and Marla's VOICES, SNARLING:

MARLA'S VOICE
You slimy discharge!

JACK (V.O.)
I could've moved to another room, one on the third floor -- so I wouldn't have heard them. But I didn't.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jack brushes his teeth.

JACK (V.O.)
I wrote little haiku things:

"Worker bees can leave
Even drones can fly away
The queen is their slave"

I became the calm little center of the world. I was the Zen master.

MOVE IN ON -- KEYHOLE - Jack's EYE

MARLA
(gasping in passion)
I love you. I want to have your abortion.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Sound of RAIN pelting the house. Jack flips the fuses off, walks up the stairs.

JACK (V.O.)
"A tiger can smile
A snake will say it loves you
Lies make us evil"

INT. 2ND FLOOR LANDING - SAME

Jack walks up the steps. He hears Marla SCREAM in orgasm. He reaches the landing. Tyler's door is slightly ajar. Jack can't help stopping.

JACK'S POV - TYLER'S ROOM

Marla's legs are sprawled on the bed. Her head is down over the far side, out of view. The door PUSHES OPEN WIDER -- Tyler, naked, stands CLOSE TO CAMERA.

TYLER
What are you doing?

WIDE ON LANDING

Jack steps back.

JACK
I ... uh ... just going to bed.

Tyler grins and nods toward bed.

TYLER
You want to finish her off?

JACK
Uh ... nah ...

Jack continues toward his room.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack's clothes are PERMANENTLY STAINED with BLOOD. He sits in his Zen pose, typing. We see his HAIKUS on the screen.

JACK (V.O.)
I faxed them around to everyone.

He hits "SEND." Boss enters, reacts with exasperated irritation at the sight.

BOSS
Is that your blood?

JACK
Some of it, yeah.

Boss stares at Jack like he's from Mars.

BOSS
Take the rest of the day off. Come back tomorrow with clean clothes. And get yourself together.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Jack, looking like a war casualty, walks past COWORKERS who coldly stare at him. His face is totally passive.

JACK (V.O.)
I got right in everyone's hostile little face. Yes, these are bruises from fighting. See? It's nothing to me? See how cool I am about it? That's right, I'm enlightened!

EXT. PAPER STREET - SUNSET

Jack walks toward the house.

JACK (V.O.)
You give up the condo life, give up all your worldly possessions and go live in a dilapidated house in the toxic waste part of town.

INT. TYLER'S KITCHEN - SUNSET

Jack walks inside. Sound of VIOLENT SEX from upstairs -- THUDS and WHAMS. Pieces of PLASTER fall from the ceiling in tufts of dust.

JACK (V.O.)
... And you come home to this.

TYLER'S VOICE
Take that, butt wipe!!

Jack rolls his eyes, takes off his pants. He runs water in the sink. He takes a tiny bit of soap and begins to scrub the blood stains. PHONE RINGS. He answers.

JACK
Hello? Speaking.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE

DETECTIVE STERN leans forward in his chair, consulting a file.

DETECTIVE STERN
This is Detective Stern with the arson unit. We have some new information about your condo. The deadbolt on your front door was shattered. Someone sprayed freon into the lock to freeze it. Then, they tapped it with a cold chisel to shatter the cylinder.

JACK (V.O.)
I Am Joe's Cold Sweat.

And, in fact, cold sweat beads up on Jack's forehead. He scrubs his pants obsessively.

DETECTIVE STERN
The dynamite had a residue of ammonium oxalate and potassium perchloride -- this means we can assume it was homemade.

JACK
This is ... really a shock to me, Sir.

DETECTIVE STERN
Whoever set the dynamite could've turned on the gas and blown out the pilot lights on the stove days before the explosion took place. The gas was just the trigger.

JACK
Who do you think did it?

DETECTIVE STERN
I'm asking the questions, son.

JACK
I loved my life. I loved that condo. I loved every stick of furniture. That was my whole life. Everything -- the lamps, the chairs, the rugs -- <u>were me</u>. The dishes were me. The plants were me. The television was me.

JACK (V.O.)
I'd like to thank the academy ...

DETECTIVE STERN
Do you know anyone who'd have the expertise and the motive to do something like this?

Jack's eyes move upward, then back down.

JACK
Uh ... no.

DETECTIVE STERN
Well, think about it. If any ideas come to you, give me a call. And, in the meantime, don't leave town.

END INTERCUT

Jack hangs up the phone, turns to see Tyler standing right next to him. Tyler puts a hand on Jack's shoulder, squeezes it affectionately. Jack turns away and continues to scrub -- rebuffing Tyler. Tyler smiles compassionately at him.

Marla's FOOTSTEPS can be heard coming down the stairs. JACK'S POV -- as he really grinds the soap against the pants, splashes water all over the place.

JACK'S POV PIVOTS, WIDEN ON ROOM. Marla enters. Tyler is GONE. Jack looks around to the open back door, then back at Marla. She lights a cigarette.

JACK (V.O.)
Except for their humping, Tyler and Marla were never in the same room. The same disappearing act my parents pulled for years -- one came in, and the other was gone.

Marla moves very close to Jack and props a leg up on a stack of magazines near him. She's not wearing underwear. Jack becomes very aware of his having no pants on, so he pushes up against the counter. Marla lasciviously pulls the hemline further up her leg.

MARLA
I got this dress at a thrift store for one dollar.

JACK
It was worth every penny.

MARLA
It's a bridesmaid's dress. Someone loved it intensely for one day, then tossed it. Like a Christmas tree -- so special, then, bam, it's on the side of the road with tinsel still clinging to it.

She leans in very close to his ear and whispers hoarsely:

MARLA
You can borrow it sometime.

JACK
That's hysterical.

Marla blows smoke into Jack's face. He grabs her cigarette, throws it into the water in the sink. She smiles saucily and LEAVES the room. Sound of her FOOTSTEPS going upstairs.

TYLER (O.S.)
Get rid of her.

Jack turns and sees Tyler in the back doorway.

JACK
You get rid of her.

TYLER
And don't mention my name. You promised.

JACK
Yes, yes, I promise.

TYLER
Promise?

JACK
I said I promise!

TYLER
That was three times you promised.

Marla's FOOTSTEPS can be heard coming down the staircase.

TYLER
Tell her to go.

Jack looks toward the archway, then back at -- ? Tyler is GONE. Marla glides into the kitchen with a PACK of cigarettes. She daintily takes one out and lights it.

JACK (V.O.)
I'm six years old again, passing messages between my parents.

JACK
Uh ... I think you should go now.

Marla begins to do a slow, exotic dance around the kitchen, sometimes moving very close to Jack, sometimes moving away. She lifts her dress dangerously high -- does she expose herself? -- hard to tell. She dances very close to Jack's body, almost touching it.

JACK
What are you trying to do?!

Marla stops dancing, and BURSTS into loud LAUGHTER.

MARLA
You're such a nutcase, I can't even begin to keep up.

She touches Jack's hair. He slaps her hand away.

JACK
Just get out of here.

Marla's face turns sour. As she stomps out the back door --

MARLA
I'm already so fucking gone that all you see is an after-image.

Jack watches her through the kitchen window.

TYLER (O.S.)
Good job.

As Jack turns, we WIDEN to include Tyler, standing right behind Jack, beaming. Through the window, in the background, Marla can be seen quickly moving away on the sidewalk. Tyler puts his hand on Jack's shoulder.

TYLER
Let's get out of this place for awhile, take a walk.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Tyler moves forward at a brisk pace. Jack keeps up with him. Tyler cuts across a paved road and into a WOODED AREA. Jack follows.

EXT. ALL-NIGHT CONVENIENCE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Tyler, with Jack following, emerges from the trees and heads into the parking lot. A Clerk ambles toward his car, taking off his uniform bow tie. Tyler suddenly pulls a HANDGUN out of his belt and rams it against the Clerk's head.

EXT. WOODED AREA - CONTINUOUS

Tyler marches the Clerk, the gun aimed at his head. Jack follows.

JACK
What are you doing?!

TYLER
Shut up.

JACK
Are you out of your fucking mind?!

TYLER
Shut up.

Tyler stops the Clerk and pushes him down to a kneeling position.

TYLER
Give me your wallet.

The Clerk fumbles his wallet out of his pocket and Tyler snatches it. Tyler pulls out the driver's license.

TYLER
Raymond K. Hessel. 1320 SE Benning, apartment A. A small, cramped basement apartment.

RAYMOND
How'd you know?

TYLER
They give basement apartments letters instead of numbers. Raymond, you're going to die.

RAYMOND
Please, God, no.

JACK
What are you doing?!

TYLER
(to Jack)
SHUT UP! You have no idea of what it is to hit bottom. I've been trying to get you there -- I blew up your condo.

JACK
... The ... cops are onto you.

TYLER
No, they think you did it.

Tyler continues, to Raymond:

TYLER
Your mom and dad will have to call old doctor so-and-so to get your dental records, because there won't be much of your face left.

Raymond begins to weep, his shoulders heaving. Jack starts to gasp for air. Growing even paler, he slumps back against a tree. His mouth becomes dry.

TYLER
Is this a picture of Mom and Dad?

RAYMOND
Yesss ...

JACK
Look, if this is all about me ...

TYLER
You? Nothing is about you.

JACK
I'm doing okay, aren't I?

TYLER
You don't have your cute, little condo or your fey furniture, you're living in squalor ...

Tyler continues, to Raymond:

TYLER
An expired community college student ID card. What did you used to study, Raymond K. Hessel?

RAYMOND
S-S-Stuff.

TYLER
"Stuff." Were the mid-terms hard?

Tyler shoves the gun against Raymond's temple.

TYLER
I asked you what you studied.

RAYMOND
Biology, mostly.

TYLER
Why?

RAYMOND
I don't know.

TYLER
What did you want to be, Raymond K. Hessel?

A long beat while Raymond weeps and says nothing. Tyler COCKS the gun. Jack JERKS back, wincing, sweating.

JACK
... Tyler?

TYLER
I'm busy.

Tyler continues, to Raymond:

TYLER
The question, Raymond, was "what did you want to be?

Tyler begins to squeeze the trigger.

JACK
(croaking with dry mouth)
Answer him!

RAYMOND
A VETERINARIAN!

TYLER
Animals.

RAYMOND
Yeah ... animals and s-s-s --

TYLER
-- Stuff. That means you have to get more schooling.

RAYMOND
Too much school.

TYLER
Would you rather be dead?

Tyler shoves Raymond's wallet back into his pocket.

TYLER
I'm keeping your license. I know where you live. I'm going to check on you. If you aren't back in school on your way to being a veterinarian, you will be dead. Now, get the hell out of here.

Raymond staggers into the darkness. Tyler watches. Jack, still clinging to a branch with a deathgrip, looks at Tyler. Tyler slowly turns to face Jack.

TYLER
Raymond K. Hessel, tomorrow will be the most beautiful day of your life. Your breakfast is going to taste better than any meal you've ever eaten.

Jack's eyes light up. He looks at the fleeing Raymond, then back at Tyler. He sighs, then shakes his head, then cracks his weird, little crooked smile. His eyes glow. He looks with almost religious reverence at Tyler.

Tyler turns and smiles at Jack.

TYLER
To make soap, first you have to render fat.

CLOSE UP - SIGN: "DANGER - BIOHAZARD"

PULL BACK TO WIDE ON

EXT. FENCED-IN BIOHAZARD WASTE DUMP SITE - NIGHT

Tyler is on the ground, inside the fence. Jack's at the top of the fence, trying to get through the BARBED WIRE. He does so, but wobbles and gets his shirt snagged. Tyler tries to help him. Jack falls, ripping his shirt. Tyler breaks the fall, gets Jack to his feet.

FOOTSTEPS. FLASHLIGHT BEAM. Tyler pulls Jack down behind a DUMPSTER -- one of DOZENS in the site. A silhouette of a SECURITY GUARD moves along the perimeter, waving the flashlight around. He finally walks back toward the adjacent building, goes inside.

MOVE BACK to Tyler and Jack, who emerge from hiding. Tyler eagerly grabs the lid of the closest dumpster. Jack gapes at the "biohazard" sign.

TYLER
The best fat for making soap -- because the salt balance is just right -- comes from human bodies. . .

Tyler lifts the lid -- it CREAKS. Jack breathes heavily, afraid to look. Tyler pulls out an industrial-sized, thick plastic bag full of PINK GOO. Jack reacts to the smell, turning away. His eyes focus on the side of the adjacent building and its SIGN: "BODY SCULPTING CLINIC."

TYLER
From the asses and thighs of rich women, paydirt.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jack watches at Tyler stirs a boiling pot.

TYLER
As the fat renders, the tallow floats to the surface of the water.

EXT. WASTE DUMP SITE - NIGHT (RESUMING)

Tyler and Jack climb back over the fence, each carrying several bags of fat. One of Jack's bags gets caught on the barbed wire and rips, spilling the goo all down the fence. Jack's pants and shoes get covered; he slips and slides. Tyler starts laughing. Jack starts laughing.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT (RESUMING)

Tyler shows Jack two pots which have a skinned-over layer.

TYLER
When the tallow separates, there will be a clear layer on top. It's glycerin. We can mix it back in when we make the soap.

EXT. WASTE DUMP SITE - NIGHT (RESUMING)

Tyler helps Jack over the fence. They both fall to the ground on the other side, laughing. They try to get up and they both slip in fat, falling on their asses. They laugh louder. FOOTSTEPS; FLASHLIGHT.

Still hysterically laughing, they both get up, slide and fall down again, get up yet again and stagger away, disappearing around a corner.

INT. TAXICAB - MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Tyler, slimed with fat, hold their bags, giggling. The CAB DRIVER gives them a deadpan look.

END OVERLAPPING INTERCUT. CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT

Tyler and Jack have fat stains and rips on their clothes from the waste dump. The pots boil. Tyler stirs. He sticks a spoon into a pot and lifts up a scoop of the glycerin layer. Then, he grabs a can, opens it.

TYLER
Lye -- the crucial ingredient for making soap. A paste of lye and water can burn through an aluminum pan. A solution of lye and water will dissolve a wooden spoon. Combined with water, lye heats to over two hundred degrees.

Tyler licks his lips until they're gleaming wet. He takes Jack's hand and KISSES the back of it. The saliva shines in the shape of the kiss. Tyler poises the can of lye over Jack's hand.

TYLER
This is a chemical burn, and it will hurt more than you've ever been burned.

Tyler pours a bit of the flaked lye onto Jack's hand. Jack's whole body JERKS. Tyler holds tight to Jack's hand. Tears well in Jack's eyes; his face tightens.

TYLER
Look at your hand.

Jack looks -- the burn is swollen glossy in the shape of Tyler's kiss. Jack's face spasms, but he forces himself to endure it.

JACK (V.O.)
Tyler's kiss was a bonfire or a branding iron on my hand at the end of a long, long road I pictured miles away from me.

Jack takes his gaze off his hand and his eyes become glazed and detached.

TYLER
Come back to the pain.

JACK (V.O.)
Guided meditation worked for cancer, it could work for this.

TYLER
Don't shut this out.

JACK (V.O.)
I didn't think of the words "pain" or "searing flesh." I was going to my cave to find my power animal.

Quick CUT TO:

INT. CAVE

Marla, looking beautiful in a stunning black dress.

As soon as Tyler speaks, we CUT BACK TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tyler squeezing Jack's hand. Jack's eyes re-focus on Tyler.

TYLER
This is the greatest moment of your life and you're off somewhere, missing it. Listen. Your father was your model for God. And if your father bails out, what does that tell you about God?

Jack's face spasms in pain. He keeps his attention on Tyler.

TYLER
You have to consider the possibility that God doesn't like you. He hates you. This is not the worst thing that can happen. His hate is better than His indifference.

Jack becomes dazed again. CUT TO:

INT. CAVE

Marla drops to the ground and pulls Jack on top of her. Jack moves to kiss her. CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tyler tugs at Jack's arm.

TYLER
We are God's middle children, with no special place in history and no special attention. Unless we get .. God's attention, we have no hope of damnation or redemption.

Jack looks at Tyler and they lock eyes in a stare.

TYLER
The lower you fall, the higher you fly. The farther you run, the more God wants you back.

Jack does his best to stifle his spasms and quivers of pain. Tears drip from his eyes.

TYLER
Someday, you will die. And until you know that, you're useless to me.

Tyler's eyes fill with tears and he smiles. Suddenly, Jack starts breathing heavily and he shakes his hand.

JACK
Fuck, man. This HURTS.

Tyler laughs; Jack, bearing the pain, cracks a weird little crooked smiles, his eyes wide.

INT. KITCHEN - SUNRISE

Tyler watches as Jack cuts several perfectly-shaped bars of soap. Tyler finishes wrapping one. The wrapper says: "The Paper Street Soap Company" in quaint writing.

INT. BARNEY'S - DAY

Jack and Tyler, wearing trenchcoats and looking like death-warmed-over, wait by a counter and trendily-dressed and finely-coiffed SALESPEOPLE zip around. Tyler is the picture of cool. Jack looks around as if expecting to get arrested. He looks at his BANDAGED HAND, shakes it.

A BUYER, a woman, comes to the counter, smiles at Tyler; he smiles back. MOS while Jack's VOICE is OVER the following: the Buyer looks over a sample bar of soap. She nods, smiles and begins to fill out forms.

JACK (V.O.)
Tyler sold it to the stores at twenty bucks a bar. God knows what they charged. We were selling rich women their own fat back to them.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jack and Tyler march down the sidewalk, full of purpose, like gunfighters heading for a show-down.

TYLER
Look at the guys in fight club. The strongest and smartest men who have ever lived -- and they're pumping gas and waiting tables; or they're slaves with white collars. Advertising has them chasing cars and clothes. A whole generation working in jobs they hate, just so they can buy shit they don't really need.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT

MEN are entering the gymnasium for the testicular cancer support group "Remaining Men Together." Bob starts to file in with the rest, and, suddenly, Jack darts forth from the shadows and blocks his way.

BOB
Hi.

JACK
Hi, Bob.

Bob tries to go through the door, but Jack blocks him.

JACK
Are you really a man?

BOB
Yes ... we all are.

JACK
I'm not so sure.

Jack forcefully pushes Bob. Caught off-guard, he backs into a locker with a bang. Jack slaps Bob's face.

JACK
Come on, you big moose. Let's see if you are.

Jack punches Bob in the stomach. Bob puts up his hands to block. Jack throws more punches. Finally, Bob punches Jack in the face, knocking him staggering. Jack comes back and they pummel each other. Bob's face gets redder with anger.

Then, Jack steps back, holding out his hands to signal "stop."

JACK
Let's take this somewhere else.

INT. BASEMENT - ELECTRONICS WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The crowd screams insanely as Bob and Jack go at it in the circle of light. Bob's eyes are wild with glee.

EXT. BASEMENT DOOR - ELECTRONICS WAREHOUSE - LATER

Everyone quietly sneaks out of the new location -- we've seen none of these guys before -- this is a new chapter. Jack and Bob stagger out last. They are both dripping blood and covered with bruises -- Jack being in worse shape -- and they both grin with religious serenity. Bob hugs Jack.

BOB
Thank you. Thank you.

Bob relaxes the hug and Jack drops to the ground like a sack, enervated from the beating he took.

JACK
You're welcome.

JACK (V.O.)
Fight club -- this was mine and Tyler's gift -- our gift to the world.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ricky grapples with a YUPPIE. They fall to the sidewalk, pounding each other.

YUPPIE
WHO ARE YOU?! WHY DID YOU ATTACK ME?!

The Yuppie maneuvers Ricky toward a metal fence and insanely tries to impale him on a spike. Tyler and Jack shoot INTO VIEW and grab the Yuppie, laughing.

YUPPIE
WHO ARE YOU?!!

INT. TRUCK GARAGE - NIGHT

Ricky and the Yuppie fight each other while the crowd -- still even more new guys -- cheers.

JACK (V.O.)
We started a fight club for every night of the week.

CLOSE UP - BUMPERSTICKER

Which reads: "DRUNK DRIVERS AGAINST MOTHERS."

A HAND presses it down in all corners. PULL BACK TO REVEAL - the bumper, THEN the whole car -- a luxury sedan. THEN - the entire PARKING STRUCTURE wherein ALL the bumpers have the sticker.

JACK (V.O.)
We started pulling pranks.

EXT. STREET - LATE NIGHT

Jack, Tyler and Ricky quickly paste up a basic, black-on-white-lettering BILLBOARD. It says: "DID YOU KNOW ... ? YOU CAN USE YOUR OLD MOTOR OIL TO FERTILIZE YOUR LAWN! -- ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION AGENCY."

TYLER
We're the middle children of history, with no special purpose or place. We don't have a great war in our generation, or a great depression. The great depression is our lives. The great war is a spiritual war.

EXT. LARGE PARKING LOT - DAY

Jack and Bob, armed with a toolbox, change the "Enter" and "Exit" signs around. They walk away. In the background, a car drives into the "entrance" and the front tires EXPLODE from the BLADES in the ground.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Jack walks toward an intersection, beyond which is a large CITY PARK. A group of people are LEAVING a PUBLIC BUILDING in front of him. Marla is among them -- it's a support group adjourning for the night. Jack catches Marla's eye. He simply smiles and waves. Marla stares at him, deadpan. She turns and walks away, JUST AS ...

Tyler STEPS INTO FRAME, looking straight ahead at the park. He signals Jack and they move forward. From out of nowhere, Bob joins them.

EXT. PARK - OUTDOOR BEER FESTIVAL - NIGHT

A bad BAND plays German music. BANNERS advertising American beer are everywhere. People wear shirts and hats with beer ads. Jack, Bob and Tyler sneak up to the side of a portable TOILET. They shove it until it falls against the next toilet. An ENTIRE ROW of portable toilets falls like dominoes. They dart behind a row of trees, then casually walk away.

JACK (V.O.)
We were raised by television to believe that someday we'll all be millionaires and movie stars and rock stars -- but we won't. And we're learning that fact.

TYLER
And we're very, very pissed-off.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - ON GROUND - DAY

Two AIRLINE MAINTENANCE MEN -- with bruised faces -- rip open a box from a PRINT SHOP. They dig up handfuls of AIRLINE SAFETY INSTRUCTION CARDS and begin to insert them into each seat back pouch. We MOVE IN and SEE a card -- it shows passengers SCREAMING and FLAILING ABOUT IN TERROR.

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Jack, dressed for work, receives a sheet of paper from Tyler.

TYLER
Make two dozen copies. We're going to have --

INT. PHOTOCOPY ROOM - DAY

Jack stands over a copy machine, getting hit by the flashes of light.

JACK (V.O.)
-- more than one fight club on every night of the week.

Jack looks around. Other faces illuminated in FLASHES. HALF of them are bruised. He smiles, his eyelids getting heavy and his head nodding.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - LATER

Jack sits in his cubicle, playing a game on his computer. Boss enters.

JACK (V.O.)
He was wearing a yellow tie. It must be Thursday. I didn't even wear a tie to work anymore.

Boss slaps a piece of paper down on Jack's desk.

BOSS
"The first rule of fight club is you don't talk about fight club."

Jack stares at him stoically.

JACK (V.O.)
I was still half-asleep all the time. I left the original in the copy machine.

BOSS
Is this yours? "The second rule of fight club is you don't talk about fight club." Is it yours or not? You don't get paid to abuse the copy machine.

JACK
"Abuse" the copy machine. What an image.

BOSS
Let's play pretend. You're me. You find <u>this</u>. What would you do? Hmm? Make a managerial decision. What would you do?

Jack slowly rises, walks softly to his office door, shuts it and faces the boss.

JACK
I'd be very careful who I talked to about this. It sounds like someone dangerous wrote this, and this buttoned-down psychotic could probably snap at any moment and stalk from office to office with an Armalite AR-180 Carbine gas-operated semiautomatic. He's probably at home every night with a little rattail file, filing a cross into the tip of every one of his bullets. This way, when he pumps a round into ... someone ... it will split along the filed grooves and spread open the way a dum dum flowers inside you to blow a load of guts out through someone's spine. This is probably somebody you've known for years.

Boss stares at him with a tinge of outrage, a tinge of fear.

JACK (V.O.)
Tyler's words. Me clowning around. And I used to be such a nice person.

Jack's phone RINGS. Jack answers.

JACK
Compliance and Liability.

MARLA'S VOICE
My tit's going to rot off.

JACK
Just a second.
(to Boss; big smile)
Could you excuse me? I need to take this call.

Boss goes to the office door opens it, stares at Jack a beat, then leaves.

JACK
(into phone)
What are you talking about?

INTERCUT WITH

CLOSE-UP OF MARLA

In dim light, her face very pretty with make-up.

MARLA
I need you to check and see if there's a lump on my breast. I can't afford to blow the cash on a doctor just to find out.

JACK
I don't know ...

MARLA
You're the only one I can turn to.

JACK (V.O.)
She didn't call Tyler. I'm neutral in her book.

MARLA
Meet me at work.

EXT. MORTUARY - LATE AFTERNOON

Jack goes through the front door.

INT. MORTUARY - SAME

Jack walks into the dim, dramatically-lit foyer. He sees Marla at a desk. She does not see him. She's wearing a black formal dress -- like a gorgeous angel of death. A VERY FAT MALE CUSTOMER holds an URN the size of an egg cup. Marla studies the urn and the Customer's body with a dreary expression.

MARLA
Sir, you couldn't get the ashes of your neck in here.

The Customer turns and stomps out the door. Jack steps forward to the desk.

JACK
Employee of the month?

Marla looks up at him and smiles.

EXT. MARLA'S HOTEL - SUNSET

Jack watches as Marla takes two boxes from a van with sign "MEALS ON WHEELS."

INT. MARLA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Marla leads Jack inside.

JACK
You know, this is a sweet side of you.

MARLA
Think so?

JACK
Picking these up for ...
(reads off boxes:)
"Mrs. Haniver" and ... "Mrs. Raines." Where are they? Top floor?

MARLA
They're dead. I'm alive and I'm in poverty. You want any of this?

JACK
No, thanks.

MARLA
Good.

He stares at her while she wolfs down food. Marla takes a napkin and wipes her mouth.

MARLA
This napkin is "one-hundred percent recycled." So is my toilet paper. Can you imagine? The worst job in the world -- recycling toilet paper.

INT. MARLA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marla stands in front of a mirror with her shirt open. Jack stands behind her with his hand on the bottom side of her breast. Her hand guides his.

JACK
Where? Here?

MARLA
Here.

JACK
There?

MARLA
Here.

JACK
Here.

MARLA
Feel anything?

JACK
No.

Jack's head is behind Marla's. His eyes close. Both of them speak more slowly, softer.

MARLA
Make sure.

JACK
Okay. Okay, I'm sure.

MARLA
You feel nothing?

JACK
Nothing.

He almost kisses her neck. Marla turns around, faces him and begins to slowly button up her shirt.

MARLA
Whew. That's a relief. Thanks.

JACK
No problem.

MARLA
I wish I could return the favor.

Jack touches his breasts, shakes his head.

JACK
I think everything's okay here.

MARLA
I could check your prostate.

JACK
Uh ... nah.

MARLA
Well, thanks.

Marla kisses him -- and lingers for a bit longer than just friendly. Jack pulls away.

JACK
Are we done?

JACK
I gotta go.

Marla's voice turns acid:

MARLA
Yeah, we're done. Get the fuck outta here.

Jack goes to her door, opens it, looks back at her.

JACK
I'm sorry.

MARLA
GO, ASSHOLE!

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Jack walks down the sidewalk. He glances back up at Marla's window as he crosses the street. He sees her. She moves away from the window and -- Jack's BUMPED -- very lightly -- by a PASSERBY -- it's Tyler.

TYLER
What are you doing?

JACK
Uh ... I ... was ... coming back from ... a ... thing ...

Tyler throws an arm around Jack and leads him down the sidewalk.

TYLER
We need to talk.

INT. BOSS'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack steps into the open doorway and lightly knocks against the frame. Boss looks up from his large, expensive desk.

JACK
We need to talk.

BOSS
Okay. Where to begin? With your constant absenteeism? With your unpresentable appearance? I might as well tell you now -- you're going to be put up for review.

This next line NOT in V.O.:

JACK
I Am Joe's Complete Lack Of Surprise.

Boss sits up in his seat, becoming enraged.

JACK
Let's pretend. You're the Department of Transportation. And you knew that our company intentionally left a front seat mounting bracket that never passed collision tests? Did nothing about leather seats -- that were cured in third world countries with a chemical we know causes birth defects? Brake linings that fail after a thousand miles. Turbochargers that blow up and cut off legs at the knees. Fuel injectors that burn people alive. All of these accidents where "cause of failure" is stamped "unknown." I know where the bodies are buried. Call it job security.

BOSS
Just who the fuck do you think you are?! Get out of here! You're fired!

JACK
I've got a better idea. You're going to keep me on payroll as an outside consultant. In exchange for my salary, I'll perform the task of not telling anyone what I know. I won't need to come into the office. I can do this job from home. Call it early retirement, with pension.

Boss stands, moves around his desk, glaring with rage.

JACK
Yes, I am shit and crazy, to you and this whole fucking world, but I'm your responsibility.

Jack PUNCHES HIMSELF in the nose. Blood starts to trickle down. He punches himself in the jaw, harder. He throws himself back, acting as if the force of the punch knocked him. His back SLAMS against a framed painting and SHATTERS the glass. He and the frame and the glass and the painting fall to the floor.

JACK (V.O.)
I Am Joe's Smirking Revenge.

JACK
Please don't hit me again. Please.

Jack gets back to his feet and punches himself in the stomach, then punches himself in the jaw again. He reels backwards and falls into a hanging shelf, ripping it off the wall, sending its contents flying. He falls to the floor again.

JACK (V.O.)
For some reason, I thought of my first fight -- with Tyler.

Jack crawls along the carpet toward Boss, dripping blood. He tries to keep up the act, but he sporadically GIGGLES. He grabs Boss's leg.

JACK
Please ... give me the paychecks like I asked for. You won't see me again. You won't have any trouble.

Jack climbs up Boss's leg. Boss, aghast, tries to shake him off, and, in doing so, stumbles back into his desk, knocking off photos, stacks of paper, paperweights.

JACK (V.O.)
Under and behind and inside everything this man took for granted, something horrible had been growing.

Jack crawls up high enough to grab Boss's belt and hoist himself up further. He's getting blood all over the Boss's clothes. Jack SMUDGES blood from his face onto the knuckles of both Boss's hands. The horrified man SCREAMS.

JACK (V.O.)
And right then, at our most excellent moment, security guards decided to walk in.

Two SECURITY GUARDS come inside and gape at the sight. Behind them stands a crowd of curious workers, also taking in the sight.

JACK
(gurgling blood)
Please don't hit me again.

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - JACK'S ROOM - DUSK

Jack, all bloody, lies in his bed, asleep. He awakens, hearing the BACK DOOR SLAM. He painfully hauls himself out of bed.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jack enters to see Tyler taking beers out of the fridge. Jack waves a PAYCHECK.

JACK
I did it.

TYLER
That's fucking great!

Jack sees that Tyler is dressed in combat fatigues. He's splattered with various colors of PAINT. There's a rope and rappelling mechanisms lying on the table.

Tyler nods toward the living room and hands Jack all the beers.

TYLER
Go on in. We're celebrating.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jack, a little bewildered, saunters in, carrying the beers. Tyler does NOT follow him. Bob, Ricky and several fight club guys are in front of the TV. They are all dressed like Tyler, all splattered with paint.

Jack hands them their beer. One of the guys is sixteen years old with an angelic face. He notices the TV.

ANGEL FACE
SHHH! They're back to it!

Jack looks at the TV as it shows a LIVE shot of a BUILDING, which is identified at the bottom of the screen as the TRW building. It has a GIANT GRINNING FACE PAINTED on it. The two EYES are broken, charred windows with SMOKE pouring out. Firetrucks spray water into the windows.

REPORTER
Police Commissioner Jacobs has come down ... just a second ... excuse me, could you tell us what you think this is?

The COMMISSIONER JACOBS, a wrinkled man with baleful eyes, turns to camera.

COMMISSIONER JACOBS
We believe this is related to the other recent acts of vandalism around the city. It's some kind of organized group. And we're investigating thoroughly.

Jack turns back and sees Tyler in the archway, watching the TV. Tyler pulls back, out of sight. Jack turns to the others.

JACK
What did you guys do?

They all BURST INTO LAUGHTER, look at Jack and shake their heads. Jack just stares at them. Suddenly, the guys' faces turn to stone.

BOB
The first rule of Project Mayhem is -- you don't ask questions.

Jack stares at them. CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

A loud, luxurious banquet ensues. Commissioner Jacobs guzzles champagne and puffs on a cigar. Jack, in a waiter's uniform, serving another table, stares at Jacobs. Then, Jack looks apprehensively toward certain other waiters: Tyler, Bob, Ricky and Angel Face -- mixed in with the mass of waiters.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Commissioner Jacobs enters, puffing the cigar, and walks toward a urinal. Jack, Tyler, Bob and Ricky leap out of the corner and attack him. Jack's heart isn't in it -- he barely helps the others. Tyler knocks the cigar out of Jacob's mouth and slaps a piece of tape over it.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - SAME

Jack holds the door while the others drag the struggling Commissioner inside. They hold him down and pull down his pants. Bob snaps a rubber band, then reaches down to Commissioner Jacob's crotch.

TYLER
Wrap it around the top of his ball sac.

Ricky holds a knife to Commissioner Jacob's testicles. Jack, red-faced, keeps his distance. Tyler leans in and whispers in the frightened man's ear.

TYLER
You're not going to continue your "rigorous investigation." You're going to publicly state that there is no underground group. Or -- imagine, the rest of your life with your ball sac flapping empty.

COMMISSIONER JACOBS
No. Please. Stop. Please.

TYLER
One to the New York Times and one to the Los Angeles Times. Press release style. Remember this. The people you're after are everyone you depend on. We're the people who do your laundry and cook your food and serve your dinner. We guard you while you sleep. We drive the ambulances. We process your insurance claims. We control every part of your life. So don't fuck with us.

Ricky makes a dramatic cut with the knife -- he holds up the severed RUBBER BAND.

EXT. HOTEL - LATER

Jack, Tyler and the others file quickly out the back service entrance. Tyler slaps Angel Face's back. Angel Face smiles at him. Everyone splits up in different directions.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Fight club in full swing. Jack squares off with Angel Face. He BEATS the SHIT out of Angel Face with a viciousness heretofore unseen. The crowd shouts maniacally, save for Tyler, who watches with an inscrutable stone face.

Angel Face tries to speak, but Jack pounds him too hard. Blood flies everywhere. The crowd becomes QUIETER. Finally, Angel Face, on the floor, is clearly unconscious. Jack stops, stares at him, numb. The crowd seems a little spooked. Tyler scans the faces, looks at Jack.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Tyler and Jack walk through pools of streetlight.

JACK
I felt like destroying something beautiful.

TYLER
Excellent.

An idling car HONKS. Tyler leads Jack toward it. A bruise-faced VALET PARKER throws keys to Tyler.

VALET
There you go, Mr. Durden.

JACK
After you, Mr. Durden.

INT. STOLEN CAR - MOVING - LATER

RAIN GUSHES down. Tyler drives. Jack sits slumped in the passenger seat. They are BARRELING down a two-lane HIGHWAY, intermittently illuminated by oncoming headlights. Jack stews in silence. Tyler glances at him.

TYLER
What's your problem?

JACK
Nothing. Why wasn't I told about "Project Mayhem?"

TYLER
You were told about it.

JACK
Uh-huh. Yeah. Fine. If you can't talk to me about it ...

TYLER
That's the whole point -- you don't talk about it.

JACK
So, I can't even ask?

TYLER
What do you want me to say? That Project Mayhem will knock over the pillars of civilization like dominoes? That it's going to bring about a prematurely-induced dark age? Should I E-mail you? Should I put this on your "action item list?"

JACK
Fine.

TYLER
Recognize the make and model of this car?

JACK
Yeah -- so what?

TYLER
The front seat mounting bracket never passed collision tests.

Tyler pulls the car into the opposite lane. HEADLIGHTS in the distance get closer very, very quickly.

JACK
What are you doing?!

The oncoming car gets closer and closer, honking and flashing its lights. Jack tries to grab the wheel. Tyler uses one arm to pin down Jack's arms. He uses one hand to steer.

JACK
TYLER! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?!!

TYLER
If you died right now, how would you feel about your life?

JACK
I WOULD FEEL NOTHING ABOUT MY LIFE! IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT TO HEAR?!

TYLER
I want to hear the truth.

The car swerves at the last second.

JACK
Fuck my life. Fuck fight club! Fuck you and fuck Marla. I'm sick of this shit! How's that? Huh?

TYLER
You don't have any concept of what it is to hit bottom.

An oncoming TRUCK honks and flashes its lights. It moves to the other side of the road. Tyler steers there, too. The truck moves back; Tyler moves back...More honking and flashing. The truck moves; Tyler moves.

TYLER
HITTING BOTTOM ISN'T A WEEKEND RETREAT! IT'S NOT A SEMINAR! ONLY AFTER YOU'VE LOST EVERYTHING ARE YOU FREE TO DO ANYTHING! YOU SEE, YOU LISTEN, BUT YOU DON'T GET IT! YOU HAVE TO FORGET EVERYTHING YOU KNOW, EVERYTHING YOU THINK YOU KNOW!

Just seconds to impact with the oncoming truck and -- Tyler swerves. Now the car heads straight for a STALLED CAR on the side of the road, surrounded by flares. Jack stops struggling to get his arms free.

JACK
I am nothing in the world compared to you. I am helpless. I am stupid and weak and all I do is want and need things. I am my little shit job. I am my condo and my Swedish furniture. I am SHIT!

Tyler lets go of Jack's arms and lets go of the steering wheel. He and Jack look at each other as their car barrels toward the stalled car. Their faces are illuminated by the light of the flares.

They SMASH into the stalled car. Both airbags inflate, but the front seat LURCHES forward, loose, causing the men's legs to bang against the dash. Tremendous momentum makes the back of the car whip around and carry it into a ass-over-teakettle ROLL down the hill.

JACK (V.O.)
I'd never been in a car accident. This was what all those statistics felt like before I wrote them into my reports.

INT. FAMILY'S CAR (JACK'S IMAGINATION)

The car that Jack saw, post-wreck, in the warehouse, FLAMING, tumbling END over END; the FATHER, MOTHER, TEENAGE GIRL and BABY all SCREAMING.

INT. TYLER'S STOLEN CAR - RESUMING

The hill goes on further and further -- it's a deep RAVINE. The car finally hits the bottom, lying on its roof.

EXT. OVERTURNED CAR

Tyler crawls out and goes around, opening Jack's door. He drags Jack out into the mud. He grabs Jack's face and squeezes it, shaking it.

TYLER
You just had a near-life experience.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Jack lies in bed, staring at the ceiling. Tyler sits in a chair, next to the bed, speaking softly.

TYLER
The world I see -- you're stalking elk through the damp canyon forests around the ruins of Rockefeller Center. You wear leather clothes that will last you the rest of your life. You climb the wrist-thick vines that wrap the Sears Tower. You see tiny figures pounding corn and laying strips of venison on the empty car pool lane of the ruins of a superhighway.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Jack lies in bed, staring at the ceiling. Tyler is gone. Faint sounds of SAWING and HAMMERING.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jack sits at the table, sipping coffee. He's pale, dazed. He seems broken. He hears the faint sounds of sawing and hammering again; he's unsure of where they're coming from. He glances out the window, sees nothing.

Marla walks into the kitchen. Jack looks up at her. She looks at him, unsmiling. There's a bruise on her face and arm. She pours herself a coffee and lights a cigarette. A beat of silence, then:

MARLA
I'll be out of your way in a sec.

She seems to be as weak as Jack.

JACK
You ... don't have to ... rush off.

MARLA
Sarcastic prick.

JACK
No, really ...

Marla's eyes drift away from his. Jack gets up, tries to move closer to her. She pulls away. He retreats and they wind up on opposite sides of the room. Jack leans against the wall near the BASEMENT DOOR, which is AJAR.

JACK
Why are we both ... caught up like this ... with ...?

JACK (V.O.)
I came so close to saying Tyler's name, I could feel it vibrate inside my mouth.

Marla looks at him curiously, waiting.

JACK
Why does a weak person go out and find a strong person to ... hang onto?

MARLA
It's a real sick relationship. You don't think I know it?

JACK
Does it <u>have</u> to be?

MARLA
Does it?

Faint sound of sawing and hammering. Jack can't quite figure where it's coming from.

JACK
You hear that?

MARLA
Hear what?

JACK
That ... sawing and hammering.

MARLA
We have to change the subject? Have we been talking too long?

JACK
I just don't understand what you get out of such a sick relationship.

MARLA
What the hell do you get out of it?

Jack turns and sees, through the slim space of the open door, Tyler, at the bottom of the basement stairs, staring a silent warning. Jack turns back to Marla.

JACK
Nevermind.

MARLA
No. That day you came over to check my breast ...

JACK
Let's just stop right here.

MARLA
Come on! You want to pull yourself out of whatever you're stuck in.

Marla moves slowly toward Jack.

JACK
Conversation over.

Marla strokes Jack's hair. She sees the kiss-scar on his hand. She grabs his hand and studies it. Jack tries to pull it back, but Marla keeps a tight grip.

MARLA
What is that?! Who did that?!

JACK
... A person.

MARLA
Guy or girl?

JACK
Why would you ask if it's a guy or a girl?!

MARLA
Why would you get bent if I asked?!

JACK
Go.

MARLA
What does it mean? You're afraid to say?

JACK
Go! Go!

Marla kisses Jack's hand, putting her lips right onto the scar, leaving an imprint of lipstick. Jack jerks his hand away from her. He tries to wipe off the lipstick and it smears. He unconsciously licks it off.

MARLA
MMMMMMMMM .... Swallow it.

JACK
Get the hell out of here!

Stung, Marla stomps toward the back door.

MARLA
Go fuck yourself -- that's probably how you like it best.

And out she goes. Jack watches her stomp through the backyard and out to the sidewalk. Tyler comes up from the basement, passes Jack and goes through the archway. Sound of his footsteps going up to the second floor. Jack goes down the basement steps.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

TRIPLE-DECKER BUNKS clutter the basement, as many as can fit into the space.

JACK
What's this for?

From upstairs, the sound of the DOORBELL.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack opens the door. Ricky stands on the porch, staring blankly ahead in subordinate military style. He's dressed in black pants, black shirt, black shoes. He holds a brown paper bag. An army surplus mattress sits in a tied-up roll at his feet.

Jack is about to say something, when Tyler steps past Jack and speaks very softly to Ricky:

TYLER
I'm sorry. You're too young to train here.

Tyler steps back inside and shuts the door.

JACK
"Train" here?

TYLER
He's not. If the applicant is young, we tell him he's too young. Old, too old. Fat, too fat.

JACK
Why?

TYLER
This is how Buddhist temples tested applicants going back for bah-zillion years. If the applicant waits at the door for three days without food, shelter or encouragement, then he can enter and begin training.

JACK
Begin training?

Tyler grins at him.

EXT. PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Jack bursts out the door, faces Ricky.

JACK
GET OUT OF HERE! GO! HE TOLD YOU YOU'RE TOO YOUNG! GET OUT!

It's clear there will be no response from Ricky, who's like a statue. Jack goes back inside, closes the door.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Ricky stands in the same spot. Jack bursts out with a broom, knocks the brown paper bag out of Ricky's hand, kicks it off the porch. Ricky remains in place, motionless.

JACK
ARE YOU STUPID?! I TOLD YOU TO GET OUT OF HERE! YOU'RE NEVER GETTING INSIDE THIS HOUSE!

EXT. PORCH - MORNING

Ricky in the same spot. Tyler slinks out the front door, smiling.

TYLER
I'm sorry about the misunderstanding. Look, friend, it's not the end of the world. Just go away. Nothing personal, but I'm going to have to call the police. You're trespassing.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Ricky, same spot. Jack bursts outside with the broom again. He WHACKS Ricky in the shoulder.

JACK
YOU'RE NEVER GETTING THROUGH THIS FUCKING DOOR, YOU STUPID LITTLE WEASEL!!

INT. JACK'S ROOM - LATER

Jack drinks a beer, smokes a cigarette and stares down at the PORCH, which he can see from a sideward/downward angle. Ricky stands in the same spot.

JACK (V.O.)
Sooner or later, we all just became what Tyler wanted us to be.

EXT. PORCH - MORNING

Ricky's in the same spot. Next to him now is Bob, dressed in black with brown paper bag and Army surplus mattress. Tyler steps out the front door. Jack lights in the doorway, locking eyes on Bob.

TYLER
(to Ricky)
Get your stuff.
(to Bob)
You're too old to train here.
Sorry.

Tyler and Ricky go inside and Tyler slams the door.

INT. 2ND FLOOR LANDING - LATER

Jack stands in the open bathroom doorway, watching Tyler SHAVE off all of Ricky's HAIR. When he's done, Tyler gives the top of Ricky's head a sharp slap.

TYLER
A monkey, ready to be shot up into space, ready to sacrifice himself for Project Mayhem.

And, so, all those with shaved heads will henceforth be termed "SPACE MONKEYS."

EXT. PORCH - LATER

Jack looks out the window. Bob continues to stand, motionless. Ricky comes out the front door with the broom.

RICKY
YOU'RE TOO FUCKING OLD! GET OUT OF HERE!

Ricky WHACKS Bob with the broom several times, then goes back inside, SLAMMING THE DOOR. CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

CLOSE ON JACK'S FACE, staring out the window.

VOICE
YOU'RE TOO SKINNY! GET OUT OF HERE!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL a SPACE MONKEY we've never seen before, with the shaved head, whacking a SKINNY APPLICANT with the broom.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Jack pulls back from the window. SPACE MONKEYS, all dressed in black, all with shaved heads, are ALL OVER THE PLACE. There are tables set up for them to wrap bars of soap. Jack lopes into the

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Where Space Monkeys render fat and make soap. Several, off to the side, stir a large vat of RICE. One of them recites a memorized statement:

FRECKLED SPACE MONKEY
"You are not a beautiful and unique snowflake. You are the same decaying organic matter as everything else. We are all part of the same compost pile."

JACK (V.O.)
Planet Tyler.

Jack dips a spoon into the rice vat and chomps on some rice in an irritable way.

JACK (V.O.)
It could be worse. I could get hit by lightning and my head could burn down to a smoldering baseball and my zipper could weld shut.

He moves back out to the

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

And tromps up the steps to the 2nd floor landing.

INT. TYLER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack enters. Bob reads a book and makes marks on a chart. All along the floor are baskets; each one is labeled with a number in sequence: "1, 2," etc. The first ten are under a sign that says "WILMINGTON." Then, there's a sign over some that says "NEW YORK," then "CHICAGO," and other cities. There are dozens of BOOKS on FINANCE. Jack looks in basket number "1" and sees the word "CITIBANK" at the top of a page. He starts flipping through it; then the next basket.

Bob grabs Jack's hand and leads him away from the baskets.

BOB
The first rule of Project Mayhem is you don't ask questions.

JACK
This is me, Bob. Tyler's been gone for over a week. What the hell is going on?

BOB
The first rule of Project Mayhem is you --

JACK
Right.

Jack leaves the room.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jack barges in among the laboring Space Monkeys. They pinch herbs into the soap mix. They also use vodka. Jack grabs a bottle of vodka and takes a long pull off it.

JACK (V.O.)
I had to hug the walls, being a mouse trapped inside this clockwork of space monkeys, cooking and working and sleeping in teams. The house became a living thing, wet on the inside from so many people sweating and breathing. So many people moving, the house moved.

The PHONE RINGS. Jack snatches it. All the Monkeys stare at him.

JACK
Project Mayhem.

TYLER'S VOICE
Don't answer the phone like that.

Jack turns away from the others, moves to a corner, talks sotto voce.

JACK
Tyler! Where have you been?

TYLER'S VOICE
Don't ask questions.

There's a tense pause.

JACK (V.O.)
I Am Joe's Broken Heart because Tyler dumped me. Because I'm just another cog ...

TYLER'S VOICE
Be quiet and listen.

Jack reacts with surprise -- did Tyler hear his thoughts?

TYLER'S VOICE
I'll tell you everything when I get back. Right now, you gotta do something for me.

JACK
Me? When?

TYLER'S VOICE
Tonight.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - LATER

Jack, Bob, and two other Space Monkeys step out the front door, laden with boxes and equipment.

SKINNY SPACE MONKEY
"We are the all-singing, all-dancing crap of the world."

The group of four steps off the porch and heads for a VAN.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

A piece of ART adorns the top of a hill: a metal TOWER, wide at the base and a hundred feet high, in design somewhat similar to the Eifel Tower. At the top is a giant GLOBE made of circular poles and wires.

Jack, Bob and the other two monkeys attach the explosive packets to the globe; wire the packets together; use sandbags to cover the packets.

EXT. PARK - LATER

The group of four huddle behind some bushes, staring at the globe. Bob holds a small metal electronic box with a button -- a detonator. He presses the button.

A RAPID SERIES of EXPLOSIONS run from the base of the tower to the top, along the four main structural supports. They are contained, shaped blasts. The tower crumbles straight down. Bob turns to smile at Jack.

BOB
Exactly the way it was supposed to work.

The globe falls free, bangs into the top of the hill and begins to roll. When it gets to the street, it bounces onto the top of a parked LIMO -- and becomes a FLAMING, raised "GUTTERBALL" -- it never hits the street -- it rolls over one parked limo or expensive luxury car after another, crunching the roofs, causing the windows to explode outward. Fifty cars get this treatment.

Then, it arrives at the lobby of a HOTEL, BROADSIDES a couple of limos, CAROMS off them, TURNS and rolls directly into the front of a large (closed) STARBUCKS, SMASHING DOWN the windows and the front door and setting the place ON FIRE.

EXT. PARK - AERIAL VIEW

As Jack, Bob and the two other Monkeys FLEE, LAUGHING hysterically at their handiwork. They split up and move in different directions.

MOVE IN ON JACK, sprinting, keeping hidden by bushes. SIRENS can be heard. He's stripping off his ski mask, his gloves, his combat gear -- as he runs. Underneath are street clothes.

JACK (V.O.)
In that moment, I "clicked." I became what Tyler wanted. I was his limb, his appendage -- an extension of his will, nothing more. And he knew it. I could feel him knowing it.

Jack dumps the wad of clothes into a trashcan and pulls up the surrounding trash to cover them. He breaks into a sprint again, heading for the edge of the park.

GUNSHOT. Jack's smile fades. He stops, looks toward the direction from which the sound came. He turns, heads down along a row of hedges. He comes to a

INT. CONCRETE STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

And moves to the top step, looking down. A COP is near the bottom, running down to the sidewalk. Next to a STREETLAMP LIES a ONE of the MONKEYS in full combat attire and ski mask. The body is MOTIONLESS, SPRAWLED. In the hand is the DETONATOR -- looking somewhat like a gun. The Cop pulls off the ski mask, revealing the DEAD FACE of Bob, a BULLETHOLE through his head.

Jack flinches backwards as if punched in the stomach. He gasps for breath. The Cop looks up and catches sight of Jack. He lifts his gun and his PB radio. Jack jerks back out of sight.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Jack hobbles along. Nearby, from beyond a hedge, he hears the crackling of a PB with a VOICE coming from it. Then:

COP'S VOICE
(into PB)
Yeah. We found some clothes.

Jack, sweating like a pig, picks up his pace and heads for the edge of the park.

EXT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack, panting, white as a ghost, trembling, approaches from the sidewalk. He sees the front door open and four Space Monkeys come out, carrying LUGGAGE.

BIG-EARED MONKEY
(a solemn chant)
We are now the ...

OTHER MONKEYS & BIG-EARED
(unison)
... right hands of Tyler Durden.

Jack steps up onto the porch and sees that they all are holding FLIGHT COUPONS. Jack notices that all of them have the KISS-SCAR on their left hands. They ignore him with military demeanor and walk down to the sidewalk and head for the bus stop.

JACK (V.O.)
Under and behind and inside
everything I took for granted,
something horrible had been growing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack walks inside to see a Space Monkey, BEET-RED but silent, holding out his hands while LYE BURNS the inside of the TOPS of his FINGERS. Other Monkeys sit and await the process.

JACK (V.O.)
They were using lye to burn off
their fingerprints.

INT. TYLER'S ROOM

Jack barges into the room, goes to the desk and rifles through drawers. His elbow bangs against the top of an ANSWERING MACHINE. It plays MESSAGES.

MARLA'S VOICE
Look, don't get bent, okay? But ... there's a therapist that I think could really help you. Give me a call. Okay?

Click. Next message:

DETECTIVE STERN'S VOICE
This is Detective Stern with the arson unit. I've called four times in the last two days. I need you to come in for some further questioning.

Jack shivers, snaps OFF the machine, then more furiously continues his search. He finally finds flight coupons -- both used and unused. The used ones have the flight information, including the destination cities. He stuffs all of them into his pocket.

CLOSE SHOT: SIGN: "LAGUARDIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT."

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jack walks in and sees several MALE PATRONS with FIGHT BRUISES. Jack goes to the bar, sidles next to the bruised men and the BRUISED BARTENDER. They stare at him.

JACK
This is an emergency. I'm looking for Tyler Durden.

BRUISED PATRON
Never heard of him. Sir.

He and the other bruised patrons and the bartender WINK at Jack and crack slight smiles.

MONTAGE - DAY & NIGHT:

"WELCOME TO" AIRPORT SIGNS -- Atlanta, Chicago, Dallas, Phoenix, Los Angeles."

FACES -- bruised, smiling, tight-lipped.

JACK (V.O.)
In every city, I branched out from the airport to downtown and checked bars. There was always a fight club. Tyler was setting up franchises, all over the country.

INT. ANOTHER BAR - NIGHT

Jack walks in and sits at the bar. The BARTENDER wears a NECK BRACE and has a black eye.

BARTENDER
Welcome back, Sir. No one's in here. It's always empty the day after fight club.

JACK
Talk to me. Have you ever met Tyler Durden?

BARTENDER
Is this a test, Sir?

JACK
Yeah, it's a test.

BARTENDER
You were in here last Thursday night. You were standing right there, asking me about how good our security is. And it's tight as a drum.

JACK
Who do you think I am?

JACK (V.O.)
Please return your seatbacks to their full upright and locked position.

BARTENDER
You're the person who did <u>this</u> to me.

The Bartender shows Jack his hand -- it has the kiss-shaped scar.

BARTENDER
You're Tyler Durden, Sir.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jack bursts inside, runs to the phone, punches a number. He doesn't bother to turn on the lamp.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. MARLA'S ROOM - SAME

Marla answers the phone.

MARLA
Yeah?

JACK
It's me. Have we ever had sex?

MARLA
What kind of stupid question is that?!!

JACK
Is it stupid because the answer's "yes" or because the answer's "no?"

MARLA
Is this a trick?

JACK
Will you just answer, for God's sake?!

MARLA
Oh, you mean, you want to know if I think it was "making love" or just two animals going at it?

JACK
So we did make love?

MARLA
Is that what you're calling it?

JACK
ANSWER THE QUESTION!!!

MARLA
You fuck me, then snub me. You love me, you hate me, you show your sensitive side, you turn back into an asshole!

JACK
Oh, God.

MARLA
Is that a pretty accurate description of this relationship?

JACK
What's my name?

MARLA
Tyler Durden.

JACK (V.O.)
We've just lost cabin pressure.

MARLA
I'm coming over.

As Marla hangs up, we END INTERCUT. Jack stares at the receiver a beat, then realizes ...

JACK
Oh, shit! No! I'm out of town!

He punches Marla's number like a maniac. Listens ... just ringing and ringing. He turns, sees TYLER -- sitting on the bed, staring at him with an ominous poker face. Jack drops the receiver. The room is only lit by dim moonlight through the window.

TYLER
You broke your promise.

JACK
Why do people think I'm you?

TYLER
Because we happen to share the same body.

JACK
What the hell are you talking about?

TYLER
Sometimes I control it and you imagine watching me.

INT. BAR BASEMENT - NIGHT (JACK'S MEMORY)

Jack stands near the back of the crowd as Tyler stands in the middle of the light.

TYLER
The first rule of fight club is --

JUMP CUT - SAME SHOT - (ALTERED FLASHBACK) -- it's JACK in the light, talking, behaving like Tyler.

JACK
-- you don't talk about fight club.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING

Jack gasps and wheezes. Tyler grins and nods.

JACK
But we fought --

TYLER
When you're controlling the body, you see me and hear me. But no one else does.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT (ALTERED FLASHBACK)

Jack sits next to an empty seat and "looks" at the blank air beside him, eyes focusing on "someone" close.

JACK
What do you do, Tyler?
(pause; listens to reply)
I mean -- for a living.

Jack listens to the reply, then laughs.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING

Jack has trouble catching his breath.

JACK
What about when we were together around other people?

TYLER
You never talked.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT (ALTERED FLASHBACK)

Jack (Tyler) has his face right in front of the Police Commissioner's.

JACK ("TYLER")
We'll send one ball to the New York Times and one ball to the Los Angeles Times. Sort of press release style.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING

Tyler sits down on the bed, takes Jack's hand. He presses his lips to the kiss-scar.

TYLER
And when you fall asleep, I go places and do things without you...

EXT. BUILDING - (FLASHBACK)

We see that the building is "TRW." Jack, Bob, Ricky, Angel Face and another GUY rappel down the side and start SPRAYING PAINT. Everyone is more or less paired off. Jack IS "TYLER" in his demeanor, mannerisms, speech. He's next to Angel Face.

JACK ("TYLER")
(to Angel Face)
You are not your job. You are not how much money you have in the bank.

Suddenly, the TWO WINDOWS SHATTER OUTWARD and two of the men yell out the windows:

BRUISED MAN #1
I AM NOT MY JOB!

BRUISED MAN #2
I AM NOT HOW MUCH MONEY I HAVE IN THE BANK!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING

Jack shakes his head in disbelief.

JACK
But you ... you ... you rent the house.

TYLER
The house is rented in your name.

JACK
You're a projection? A personality disorder? A psychogenic fugue state?

TYLER
Fuck that. You're my hallucination.

JACK
(points to his body)
I was here first.

TYLER
Who's done more with it?

JACK
You're not going to do any more with it.

TYLER
What are you going to do? You couldn't even figure this out. It's been staring you in the face for months. I had to drop my busy schedule and come here and tell you. How are you going to fuck with me? You think there's any possibility that I haven't prepared for? Do you think anyone you care about is safe?

Jack quivers with shock, shaking his head, sweating more profusely.

JACK
No. This is all ... it's not possible. Tyler. Tyler ... it's a joke, right? Right?

Jack FAINTS and falls to the floor, UNCONSCIOUS.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Jack's eyes snap open. He shoots to his feet.

JACK
Tyler ... ?

He remembers the revelations of the previous night ... he looks at himself in the mirror. A sledgehammer of emotions hits him. He looks at the clock -- 1:35 p.m.

BAM!

INT. HALLWAY

The room door slams against the wall as Jack bursts out of the room, SPRINTING for the stairs. Fuck the luggage.

INT. STAIRWELL

Jack takes three steps at a time.

INT. LOBBY

Jack storms for the front door, passing the length of the front desk. A DESK CLERK calls out to him.

DESK CLERK
SIR?!

Jack catches sight of the Clerk, who waves a piece of paper.

DESK CLERK
Please initial the list of phone calls.

Jack snatches the bill and looks at it. There's a MASS of PHONE NUMBERS.

JACK
When were these made?

DESK CLERK
It says right there, Sir. Between two a.m. and five thirty a.m.

Jack grins. He initials the bill. The Clerk gives him a copy. Jack stuffs the bill into his pocket and disappears out the door.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - IN FLIGHT - DAY

Jack sits, staring out the window, his face set hard.

EXT. AIRPORT DRIVE - SUNSET

Jack sprints to the curb and leaps onto a taxi.

EXT. MARLA'S HOTEL - SUNSET

The taxi pulls to a halt by the curb. Jack leaps out and runs up the front steps.

INT. HOTEL STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Jack sprints up the steps, taking two or three at a time. He gets to a landing and turns and runs down to the end of the

INT. HALLWAY

Where he pounds on Marla's door. She opens it. He endures her baleful gaze for a beat.

MARLA
Your whacked-out, bald freaks threw me out of the house. I thought they were going to kill me. They almost broke my arm.

JACK
I'm sorry, I ...

Jack takes both her hands in his.

JACK
Marla, I'm going to tell you something and it's going to take a tremendous act of faith on your part to believe me.

MARLA
Here comes an avalanche of bullshit.

JACK
-- A little more faith than that.

MARLA
Spill it.

INT. MARLA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack leads her toward the bed.

JACK
Look, did you notice a big difference between me when we were having sex and when ... we weren't?

MARLA
Did I notice? You're manic-depressive. It's like a neon sign all over you.

JACK
No. It's worse than that.

Jack sits on the bed, pulling Marla down next to him. They and the sheets and covers SLIDE OFF onto the floor. Jack keeps his composure and looks into her eyes.

JACK
Tyler is my split personality.

MARLA
Then, who are you?

Jack takes out his wallet, shows Marla his driver's license.

MARLA
You gave me a fake name? What a jerk.

JACK
I didn't give you the fake name -- a fake person did. Listen, those people all over the house -- you're in danger.

MARLA
Okay, what do you want? You want me to create my own wonder-bitch personality to match? So we can be a foursome?

JACK
I WANT YOU TO FUCKING BELIEVE ME!! YOU WANTED TO TALK?! WELL, HERE'S OUR FUCKING TALK!!!

Jack's eyes well up with tears. He turns away from her. Marla's face softens. She strokes Jack's hair, turns his face to look at her.

MARLA
I'm sorry. This split personality thing is ...

A beat of silence. She squeezes his hand; he squeezes back. He looks at her, working up some nerve.

JACK
I've got to know something. Why did you respond to Tyler? Instead of me. Sexually.

MARLA
I ... uh ... I don't know what to say -- you're Tyler.

JACK
Okay, however you want to say it -- the abusive side of me -- the asshole who treated you like shit and made you leave in the morning.

MARLA
What do you want? You want me to say I'm shit and I deserve to be treated like shit? Well, I AM! And that's how you GOT ME OFF!! AND YOU KNOW IT!!!

Jack touches her face and she slaps his hand away. He sighs and gets to his feet. He pulls out an airline FLIGHT COUPON and shows it to her.

JACK
I want you to get out of town for awhile. Whether you believe me or not, you're in real danger. Is there someplace you can go?

Marla grabs the flight coupon, looks it over.

MARLA
There's plenty of places I'd like to go.

Jack digs into his pocket and produces a wad of cash. Marla roughly seizes the cash, checks out the amount.

JACK
Leave as soon as possible. Go to a rural little town, away from any major city. Go now. Okay? Please. Promise?

MARLA
Count on it. And I'm not paying this back -- I consider it "asshole tax."

JACK
I agree. More than you know.

Marla's expression of rage becomes muddled with confusion over Jack's almost spiritual tenderness. Jack starts toward the door. A WAVE of DROWSINESS and FATIGUE hits him. He staggers, eyes closing. He drops onto a chair for a beat and rests his hand over his face.

He SNAPS AWAKE. Marla is GONE. Jack bolts up out of the seat.

JACK
Marla?!

INT. HALLWAY

Jack leaps out of the room, looks down the hall in both directions.

JACK
Marla?!

EXT. PAPER STREET - SUNSET

The taxi screeches to a halt. Jack leaps out.

JACK
Wait here.

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack walks inside to find it completely EMPTY and DESERTED. He gawks at the bathtubs and canisters that hold vast amounts of liquid. He sees bottles labeled "nitric acid." He TIP-TOES to the

INT. KITCHEN

And picks up the phone. He pulls out the hotel bill and scans the phone numbers. Through the window, the LAST bit of SUNLIGHT slowly SINKS.

Jack punches the first number.

VOICE
(from phone)
Maintenance.

A brief silence while Jack absorbs this and adjusts.

VOICE
Hello?

JACK
Uh, excuse me. I'm not sure I have the right number. I've been calling maintenance departments all over the city, regarding the water supply. Which maintenance department is this?

VOICE
Very good, Sir.

JACK
Excuse me?

VOICE
Don't worry about us, Sir. We're solid.

Jack hangs up the phone. He punches the next number.

DIFFERENT VOICE
(from phone)
Maintenance.

JACK
(imitating Tyler)
Give me your position.

DIFFERENT VOICE
(baffled)
Huh? Who's this?

JACK
Oh, excuse me. I'm calling from the water company. I've mixed up my phone numbers. Which maintenance department am I talking to?

DIFFERENT VOICE
You almost had me there, Sir. Everything's A-okay here.

Jack hangs up the phone. He punches the next number.

ANOTHER DIFFERENT VOICE
(from phone)
Maintenance.

Jack hangs up; punches the next number.

YET ANOTHER DIFFERENT VOICE
(from phone)
Maintenance.

Jack hangs up; punches the next number.

EVEN YET ANOTHER VOICE
(from phone)
Maintenance.

A beat while Jack thinks.

JACK
There's been a change in the plan.

EVEN YET ANOTHER VOICE
You told me you'd say that, Sir.

JACK
I don't care what I told you -- there's really a change of plan!

EVEN YET ANOTHER VOICE
You told me you'd say that, too, Sir.

JACK
Now, listen to me, you stupid fuck! I've got the phone numbers mixed up! Tell me where you are! Now!

EVEN YET ANOTHER VOICE
This is a very good test, Sir. You sound like you mean it.

Jack hangs up the phone and KICKS IT. He flushes red, looks around at passersby. He lifts the receiver again and punches the next number on the hotel bill.

SCRATCHY VOICE
(from phone)
Mason Industrial Electronics.

JACK
This is Tyler Durden.

SCRATCHY VOICE
(harsh whisper)
Are you outta your fucking mind?! What the fuck are you doing, calling me in the daytime?!

JACK
I ... have some questions about ...

SCRATCHY VOICE
Jesus! I showed your guys how to use it! A four-year-old could take that shit and break through any security system in the world! If you can't, then fuck you, moron! Now, don't ever call me again!!

Click. Disconnect. Jack looks at the receiver, hangs it up.

EXT. LOU'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Jack gets out of the cab, turns to the CABBIE.

JACK
I gotta have you wait again. Leave the meter running.

The Cabbie grins.

CABBIE
There's no charge, Mr. Durden.

Jack gawks at him, backs away.

INT. LOU'S TAVERN - SAME

Jack darts inside and signals to Irvine. Irvine comes out from behind the bar and he and Jack move to a corner. Other men with BRUISED FACES turn and watch them.

JACK
Look, I need to know where the nitroglycerin was taken.

Irvine scowls at him a beat, then slowly smiles.

IRVINE
Right, Mr. Durden.

JACK
This isn't a test. There's been a big mix-up.

IRVINE
You told me you'd say that.

JACK
Where are all these maintenance departments?!

IRVINE
You told me you'd say that, too.

Jack bristles with rage. He grabs Irvine's shirt collar.

JACK
Did I tell you I'd call you a motherfucking asswipe dickhead?!

IRVINE
Yes, you did.

Marla walks into the tavern, makes a beeline for Jack.

JACK
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE?!

MARLA
You told me to meet you here at ten till.

JACK
WHEN?!

MARLA
Back in my room. When you dropped into the chair.

JACK
SHIT!

Irvine and a couple of the bruised-faced guys grin at Marla and take a few steps towards her. Jack grabs her and drags her out the door.

EXT. LOU'S TAVERN

Jack ignores the waiting cabbie and heads for the main road. He's stomping along at a brisk pace. His face hardens into a mask of psychotic determination. He pulls Marla with him onto a run-down side street.

He darts into a

INT. PAWN SHOP

He immediately points to something high on a shelf.

JACK
Let me see that trumpet.

The OWNER, a huge, gruff man, pushes a ladder to the spot, starts to climb. Jack throws himself onto the countertop near the register, looks around, pulls up a HANDGUN.

OWNER
Hey!

Marla GASPS. Jack checks the clip -- it's fully-loaded. He sprints for the door, dragging Marla.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jack steps out into traffic. A LEXUS screeches to a halt. Jack goes to the DRIVER'S door and whips it open.

JACK
Police emergency.

DRIVER
Bullshit!

Jack shoves the gun barrel into the Driver's temple. The Driver gets out of the car and FLEES. Jack points the gun at Marla and motions her to get into the car. Overwhelmed by all this, she complies. Jack leaps behind the wheel and stomps on the gas.

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS STATION - LATER

Jack drags Marla into the passenger loading area. A Greyhound bus is taking on passengers. Jack sees the DESTINATION -- PHOENIX -- and he impulsively averts his eyes, but too late.

JACK
SHIT! I can't know where it's going! Come on, let's find another one.

Jack drags her to another loading bus. He keeps his eyes averted from the DESTINATION sign.

JACK
Get on that bus.

MARLA
(reading the destination)
But I don't want to go to --

JACK
SHUT UP! Don't tell me where it's going!

MARLA
But, the people there talk funny and their teeth are rotten.

JACK
Shit! Now, I know it's the rural South!

Jack jams the gun barrel into Marla's ribs.

JACK
Get on that fucking bus right now!

Marla starts for the bus. Jack keeps himself from seeing the destination sign, but watches Marla get on board. Then, the doors close. Then, the bus pulls away. Then, the bus gets to the end of the road and turns a corner.

Jack turns and walks off the passenger platform and out into the

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

He sees a Space Monkey on the corner, watching him. He looks down and sees another Monkey in the opposite direction, also watching him.

JACK (V.O.)
They probably had a map of the city with little push pins. I felt like a migrating goose on "Wild Kingdom. Well, fine. They could watch me do this."

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Jack walks past desks of PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVES until he sees a private office. He glances down at a business card, then keeps moving forward.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jack steps inside the office to see Detective Stern at the desk.

JACK
I want you to arrest me. I'm the leader of a terrorist organization that's about to set off bombs all over the city.

Detective Stern scowls at Jack.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jack, handcuffed, is led by Detective Stern. Several other DETECTIVES follow. A somber mood prevails.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stern enters and leads Jack to a table. All the other Detectives file inside. The last one closes the door. Dim light from a single bulb overhead creates the tone of a torture chamber. Cigarette smoke becomes thick. Jack sighs with relief. It's finally over. The Detectives all stare harshly at Jack.

Then, they all BURST into HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER. They slap and punch Jack's shoulder.

DETECTIVE STERN
Very good, Mr. Durden.

Jack uses all his strength to stifle his utter shock. He forces a thin smile.

DETECTIVE STERN
Operation Domino has everyone a little skittish right now. But it's all going like clockwork.

Jack, ready to explode, keeps the smile plastered on his face and forces his hand -- like a palsy victim -- to form the gesture "thumbs up." The Detectives give him the same gesture in reply.

EXT. BACK OF POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A door opens and Jack is playfully shoved outside. LAUGHTER of Detectives rings out. Jack starts to walk away from the police station.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jack steps out into the street. In a state of shock, he lopes forward, dizzy.

JACK
... Operation Domino. ... "fall like dominoes" ... SHIT! ONE, TWO, THREE! YES!

Passersby look at him as if he were a homeless, insane guy.

JACK
THE BANKS! What was the first one?! Number one, number one ... CITIBANK!

INT. STOLEN LEXUS - MOMENTS LATER

Jack RACES along the streets, swerving and passing cars, HONKING. After a beat a MOTORCYCLE COP appears behind Jack and turns on his SIREN and FLASHING LIGHT. Jack reflexively slows down. The motorcycle moves up beside Jack and the COP SMILES, waving Jack forward. The Cop provides an ESCORT. The Lexus turns a corner and heads for the

EXT. CITIBANK BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Jack leaps out of the car. He sprints into the

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Two Space Monkeys take over the escort and lead Jack toward the elevators.

JACK
I'll take the stairs.

Jack darts to the side, throws open the stairwell door.

INT. STAIRWELL

Jack dashes DOWN the steps.

INT. PARKING AREA

Jack races from the stairwell into the parking area, eyes combing the place. He darts from one SUPPORT POST to another, his eyes frantically searching.

He moves around a support post and sees -- Tyler, sitting on the ground, his back against the post.

TYLER
Looking for something?

JACK
Where are the charges at?!

TYLER
Don't end a sentence with a preposition.

JACK
WHERE ARE THE CHARGES AT, FUCKHEAD?!!!

TYLER
Listen to "Elephant Balls" ... shit, slinging a gun. Where did I go right?

JACK
I'll find them.

Jack moves away, continues looking around support posts.

TYLER
There's eight floors of parking.

JACK
I don't give a shit.

TYLER
You do -- because you don't have enough time.

Tyler grins, points to his watch.

TYLER
... Ten minutes.

Jack stalks back toward Tyler, gun raised.

JACK
TELL ME WHERE THE CHARGES ARE!

TYLER
They're all up and down the building. They're not just here. If you tried to stupidly pull a fuse on a charge, you'd just cause it to blow up. The charges are set to go in a specific order -- so that the building will implode and collapse. If you did defuse one of the charges, you'd fuck up the sequence, and the building might fall the wrong way. Why don't you just find a television and watch the party?

JACK
I'm awake. I have control of the body. You can't give orders.

TYLER
I don't have any orders left to give. It's all set.

Jack boils over, then cracks. He drops the gun, falls to his knees and clutches at Tyler. He touches Tyler's face.

JACK
Tyler. You're real, aren't you? This is all a big joke, isn't it? You are real, you son of a bitch!

Tears well up in Jack's eyes. He hugs Tyler. Tyler hugs him back.

TYLER
We're both real.

Jack squeezes harder, then lifts his head -- he's hugging ANOTHER JACK. The real Jack gasps, flinches backwards, landing on the gun. He turns, grabs the gun, and turns back around. Fifty feet away, Tyler, standing, leans against a pillar. He winks.

Jack raises the gun, turns it around and aims it at his own head.

JACK
There's only one way to stop all this.

Jack shoves the barrel into his mouth.

TYLER
You better not. If our body is found dead, the Space Monkeys have orders to kill Marla.

JACK
Marla is gone -- and you don't know where.

Tyler's hand suddenly DARTS INTO FRAME, CLOSE-UP and SNATCHES the gun.

NEW ANGLE

Tyler, laughing, holding the gun, dashes for the elevator. Jack sprints after him.

INT. ELEVATOR

Jack manages to leap inside just as the door closes. He lunges at Tyler and fights for the gun. Tyler, laughing, manages to retain it. The elevator climbs rapidly -- blinking numbers indicate floors whizzing past.

INT. TOP FLOOR LOBBY

The elevator doors open and the struggling pair whirl out and toward the GLASS WALLS. Tyler SHOVES Jack's HEAD against the window, turns it so Jack is looking down.

ANGLE ON STREET

A GREYHOUND BUS sits idling right by the front lobby doors, having been allowed through the cordon.

INT. TOP FLOOR LOBBY - RESUMING

As Tyler and Jack continue to stare downward.

JACK
That's ... not the bus.

TYLER
You know it is.

Tyler swing Jack away from the window and shoves him backwards.

TYLER
Now, can you grasp that there's nothing you can do?

Jack raises the gun, aiming at Tyler. Tyler laughs, but flinches -- just as Jack FIRES. The bullet chews out a CHUNK of the wall.

JACK
I'm not going to kill myself. I'm going to kill you.

Tyler laughs, but he starts rapidly moving down the hallway.

TYLER
You can't kill me! How can you kill me?!

Jack FIRES again, missing Tyler. Tyler breaks into a sprint. Jack does the same.

INT. HALLWAY

Jack turns a corner, sees Tyler at the end of the section of hallway, heading for an intersection. Jack aims the gun at Tyler. RAPID CUT TO:

SECURITY CAMERA POV - HALLWAY

Jack aims the gun at himself. RAPID CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Jack FIRES. As Tyler flinches down -- RAPID CUT TO:

SECURITY CAMERA POV - HALLWAY

Jack flinches down, having shot at himself. RAPID CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Jack resumes sprinting until he turns a corner to

INT. NEW SECTION OF HALLWAY

Jack sees Tyler turn, freeze, then leap sideways toward a room. Jack FIRES. The bullet GRAZES Tyler's leg. RAPID CUT TO:

SECURITY CAMERA POV - HALLWAY

Jack, with the gun still aimed at his own leg, falls backwards, bleeding from the graze wound his just gave himself. RAPID CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Jack pulls himself to his feet, and, his face now looking completely insane, runs with his limp, holding the gun up, ready to fire. He turns a corner to --

INT. TOP FLOOR LOBBY

And suddenly, Tyler LEAPS onto Jack. RAPID CUT TO:

SECURITY CAMERA POV - LOBBY

Jack crumples to the floor and wrestles with himself. He punches himself, he tries to trap pin his own arms, he kicks himself. RAPID CUT TO:

INT. TOP FLOOR LOBBY

Tyler leaps to his feet and dashes away. Jack pulls himself up and follows into a --

INT. LARGE SOCIAL ROOM

With floor-to-ceiling windows showing a view of the city. There are a HUNDRED DUFFEL BAGS lining the floor, along the walls.

Tyler leaps onto Jack seizes the gun. Jack holds onto Tyler. Tyler shoves the gun barrel into Jack's mouth.

TYLER
Okay -- let's kill you -- let's kill both of us. Be a martyr for the cause.

Tyler pushes Jack against a glass wall. Jack, exhausted, is losing his spirit.

JACK (V.O.)
I think this is about where we came in.

TYLER
Two minutes.

Jack collapses to the floor. Tyler moves down with him, keeping the gun in Jack's mouth. He sits on Jack.

JACK
Either way -- the building blows us up or you pull the trigger -- it'll finally be over.

TYLER
This building isn't going to blow up. It's the observation room. Pay-per-view. So, what are you going to do? You don't even have the guts to make a decision.

Jack looks into his eyes for a moment, then reaches up and PULLS THE TRIGGER. GO TO SLOW MOTION AS -- KABLAM! -- his cheeks INFLATE with gas from the gun. His eyes bulge. BLOOD flies out backwards from his head. SMOKE wafts out of his mouth.

RESUME NORMAL SPEED as Tyler gapes at Jack, then reaches behind his head and feels -- there's a HOLE BLOWN OUT THE BACK. Tyler's eyes glaze over and he falls backwards, plopping on the floor, DEAD, with a grin on his face.

A throng of Space Monkeys -- two of whom drag Marla -- RUSHES into the room. They see Jack, ALONE, holding a gun, bleeding profusely from the side of his face, where he's SHOT A HOLE through HIS CHEEK. He stares at the empty floor in front of him with his weird, little smile.

TALL SPACE MONKEY
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SIR?!!

The two Space Monkeys who hold Marla press forward through the crowd. One of them puts a GUN to her head. He COCKS it.

TALL SPACE MONKEY
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SIR?!!

Jack takes in the sight of Marla and the gun at her head. He cracks a Tyler-esque grin.

JACK
Everything's fine. Give me the girl.

The Monkeys release Marla. She moves next to Jack, now becoming more shocked by his bloody state. Jack grabs her arm. She digs through her purse and pulls out a wad of tissue papers. She puts them into his mouth to plug the hole.

MARLA
What the fuck is going on?!

Jack cracks his weird, little smile; his eyes are wide and half-insane-looking. He winks at Marla and squeezes her hand.

JACK
Tyler's dead.

The Space Monkeys all grab their duffel bags and file out of the room, saluting Jack as they go.

Now, Jack and Marla are completely alone. He struggles to get to his feet. She helps him. They look out the window.

MASSIVE EXPLOSION -- a building a quarter of a mile away. It's destruction is completely visible from here. The glass walls RATTLE LOUDLY from the shock wave. They both stare out the window.

JACK
Listen, you met me at a really weird time in my life ...

Marla looks at Jack, then looks back out the window. He reaches for her hand. She takes his hand.

They are SILHOUETTED against BRIGHT FLASHES as ANOTHER BUILDING EXPLODES and COLLAPSES. ANOTHER BUILDING EXPLODES. And ANOTHER BUILDING. And ANOTHER BUILDING.

The FILM SLOWS DOWN, then ADVANCES ONE FRAME at a TIME -- SHOWING the SPROCKET HOLES on the SIDES. It's CAUGHT in the mechanism of the projector's GATE. EACH FRAME is the EXPLODING BUILDINGS -- then, ONE FRAME is a PENIS. Then, EXPLODING BUILDINGS again. SPEED-UP the frames, LOSE the sprocket holes, RESUME NORMAL SPEED.

FADE OUT

THE END